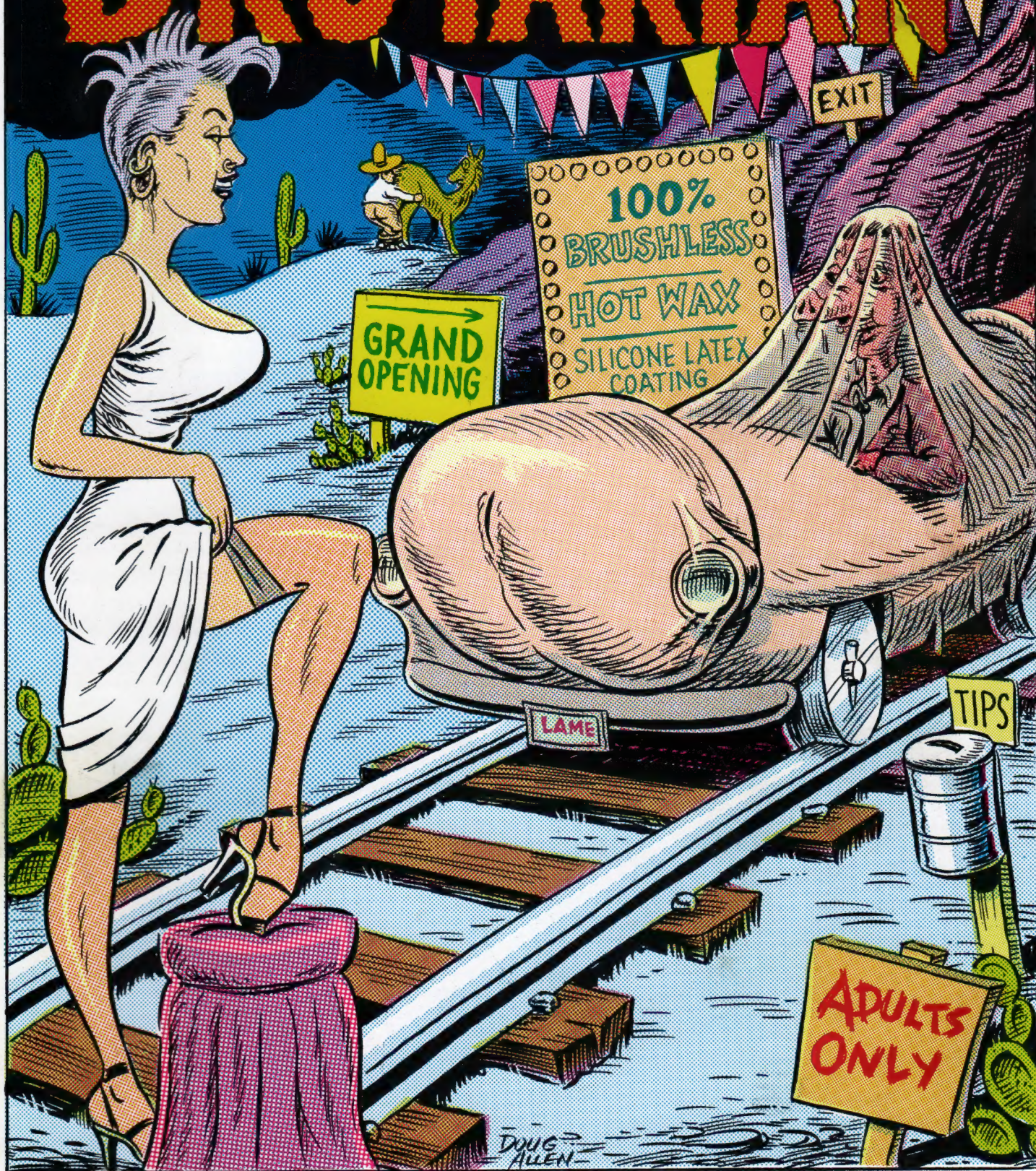


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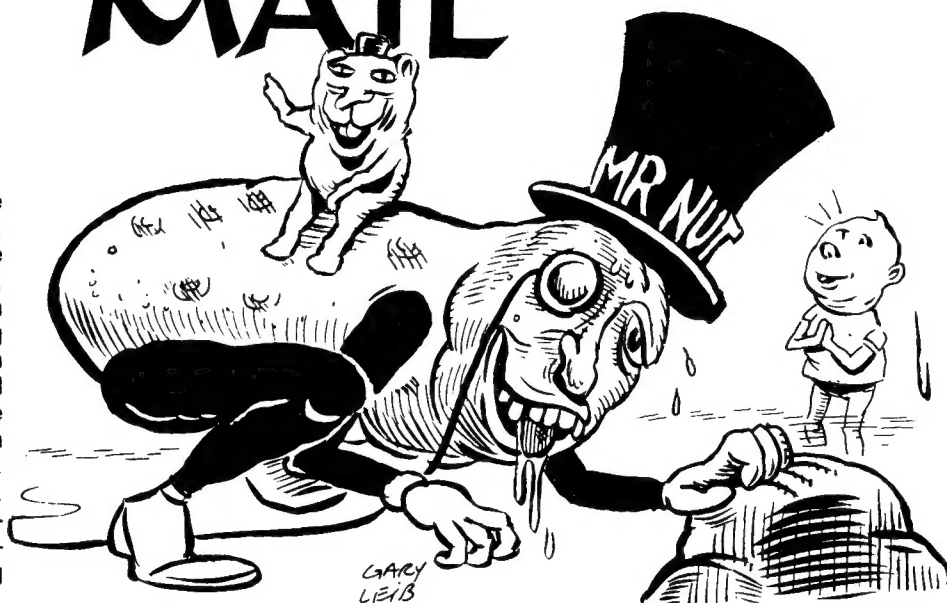


FAN MAIL

Assholes:

You will be given the asshole of the month award in the latest issue of *Screw*. Why? Because you assholes had the temerity to criticize one of my staff who, if truth be known, is definitely not an asshole. You are the assholes. Big assholes. I bet you shit as much as an elephant you're such big assholes. God I hate assholes. Except on girls. I like big asses and nice, tight assholes on girls. Not big asses and big assholes. Like the ones you people have. Assholes. You're all a bunch of big, shit-encrusted, tobacco-stained, panty-wearing assholes. Congratulations on being such assholes.

Disgustedly,
Al Goldstein
Asshole, er *Screw* Mag.



Stupid Jerk Babies:

You cannot criticize Michael Weldon. He has watched more of the TV than if you had three sets and they were all turned to the three channels.

I Have Much Hatred For You,
Sony Hitachi
Yamaha, Japan

Dear Cute Guys With Big, Hot Dicks I'd Like To Suck:

You're going to review my book aren't you? Its got lots of pictures of me playing with myself and sucking on other girls' titties. Guys like you like that kind of thing, don't you? So you're gonna review my book, aren't you? Yeah, I know it's fifty dollars but you get to see my titties and my bush. That's worth fifty dollars, isn't it? And you know that if you give it a good review, I might come over to your house dressed up like a little girl and let you play doctor with me. That would be fun, wouldn't it? And don't forget, I actually wrote some of the letters, um, I mean, words that are underneath my naked pictures. Naked pictures of my spicy, tasty bush... and my gorgeous, shapely... titties. Titties and bush, titties and bush, all the young men want to take a look. That's going to be on my new single, called, um, "Titties and Bush," I guess. Tee hee hee hee...

Yours In A Constant
State Of Arousal,
M. Ciccone

Gentlemen:

Here's a funny joke I just made up in solitary that I thought you could use in your magazine. This guy who's pretending to be a fag goes to this fag bar and he gets this fag to come home with him. When they get to the home of the guy who's not a fag, he hits the fag over the head repeatedly with a hammer until his brains gush out. Then he cuts off the fags' dick and his balls and he eats them. Isn't that great? It is, isn't it? God, I just crack myself up sometimes.

Sincerely,
J. Dahmer
Milwaukee County Prison

Roundeyes:

How many of our own insignificant, puny, rice-eating, bandy-legged race must we kill before you bring the McDonalds and the Standard Oil and the Walmarts to our cholera and lice-infested country? I know, unlike Stalin and his Cossacks, that we have only killed one million thus far. but the people, they run into the jungle and hide in the trees and the swamps. Like monkeys. Where could the Russian people hide? In the snow? Here we have only sticks and plastic bags to kill the people. The monkey people. So please to give us a break and send us at least one K-Mart only.

Desperately Stalking the
Underbrush of Cambodia
Po Pot

Wait A Minute:

You think it's easy doing *Psychotronic* magazine? Well, it isn't. I have to watch everything that might be the least bit weird or that has a star that may or may not have done something the least bit weird. Or the director. The director too. If he's done something kind of weird then I have to watch it too. Or a producer. Some producers are weird and I have to watch a film even if that producer is an executive producer or just an associate producer. And let's say the gaffer or grip or even the best boy is a transvestite then I have to watch that film too even if the film itself is not the least bit weird. Oh yeah, and if there's a song in a film by a garage band from the sixties, I have to watch that film too. Even if the garage band doesn't appear in the movie. Or even if one of the band members has a cameo and the band itself doesn't appear or none of their songs are played, I have to watch that picture. Or if anyone, they don't have to even be in a band, says something remotely resembling "Papa Oom Mow Mow," I have to sit and watch the picture. And relatives, relatives of famous weird people. If they're in a movie or they're even associated with it...

From somewhere in
front of the TV set,
M. Weldon

It's - **BRUTARIAN** #7

IN THIS ISSUE

Larry Buchanan's Wacky World by Greg Goodsell

Kitten Comes Clean by Melanie Scott

It's A Sic (sic) World by Brian Horowitz

60's Punk Shoot-Out by Steve Jeffries

On Manor's Mind by Stately Wayne Manor

Gargle My Bag by Jim Schoene

CELLULOID VOID w/ R. Palmer, D. Salemi, E. Santilli, V. Stanley

BRUTARIAN LIBRARY w/ C. Gagne, B. Johnson, D. Salemi, Slimsey & Stately Wayne Manor

AUDIO DEPRIVATION w/ S. Jeffries, B. Johnson, J. Kirkland & D. Salemi



Plus

Sudden Blasphemy and front cover art by Doug Allen

Madonna Sux and back cover art by Jarrett Huddleston

Doofus & His Pal Henry Hotchkiss by R. Altergott

Felishton Falls Missouri by Greg Suss

Soft by Greg Fiering

Kaptein Teen excerpted from Sourball Prodigy by Mike Diana

This issue includes a free EP
featuring four trashy garage
bands from Maryland courtesy
of Deceased Records c/o Brian
Horowitz 2101 Hildarose,
#203, Silver Spring, MD 20902



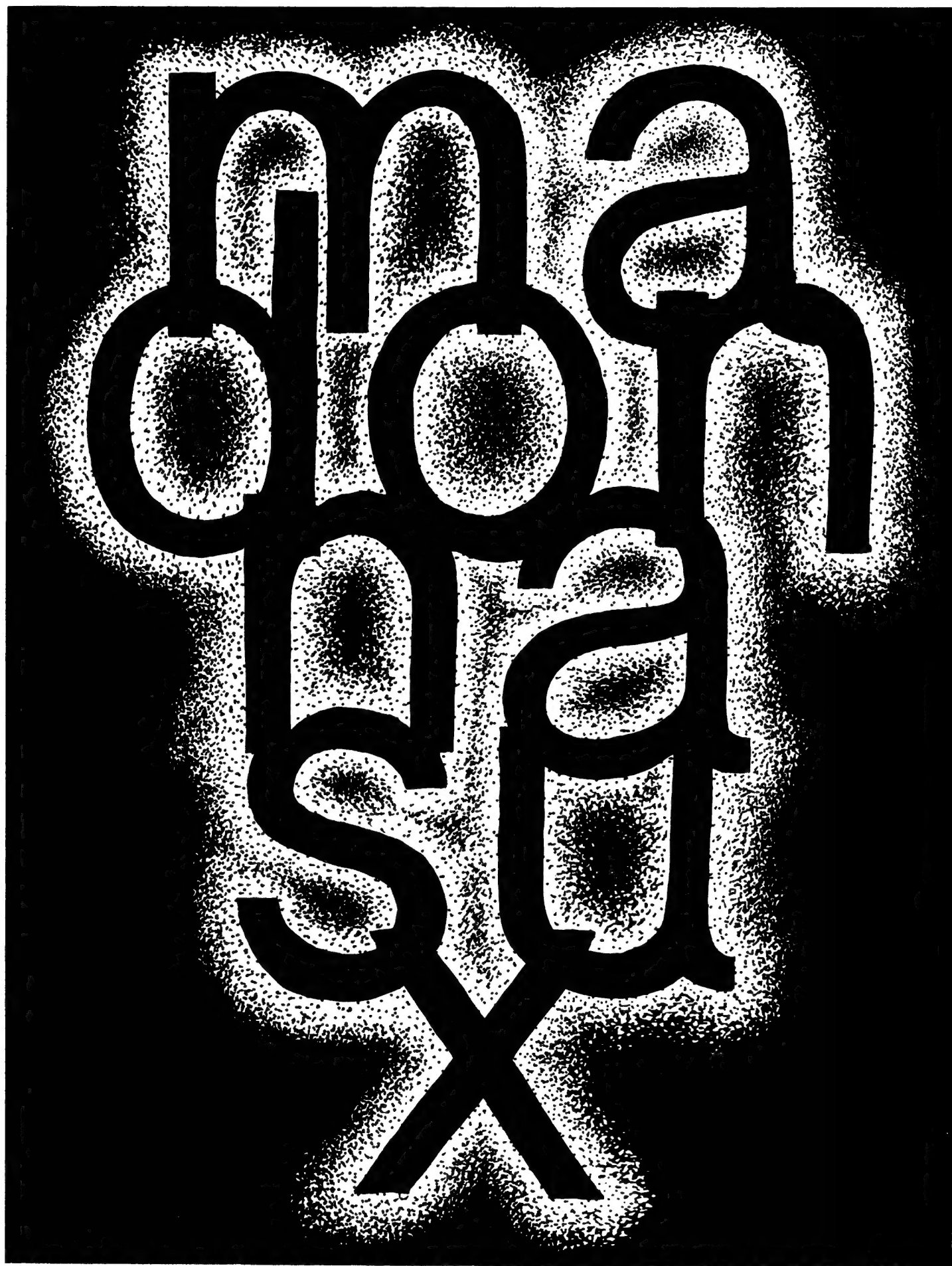
"The slough of unamiable liars,
bog of stupidities,
malevolent stupidities, and stupidities,
the soil living pus, full of vermin,
dead maggots begetting live maggots,
slum owners,
usurers squeezing crab-lice, pandars to authority,
pets-de-loup, sitting on piles of stone books,
obscuring the text with philology,
hiding them under their persons,
the air without refuge of silence,
the drift of lice, teething,
and above it the mouthing of orators,
the arse-belching of preachers."

Ezra Pound, Canto XIV, 1924

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Men: dom salemi, Jarrett Huddleston, Jim Schoene Women: Sandy Smirolodo, Sara Porter, Carolyn Gallegos Miller.

SUBSCRIBE TO BRUTARIAN! only \$12 per annum. All checks payable to dom salemi. Back issues - \$6, which is incredibly cheap for works of such unsurpassed genius.





This is a book about my pussy. Well, not just my pussy but also my asshole and my mouth. And about all the things I love to shove inside my pussy and my asshole and my mouth. But not just my pussy and asshole and mouth but also other people's pussies, assholes and mouths. But not all people. I mean like, not fat people. They're disgusting. I mean I would do stuff with like, international models and bikers and S&M lesbians and rap artists and film stars. But not fat people. But enough about fat people, let's talk about my pussy. I love my pussy. My pussy loves me. Sometimes I stare at it in the mirror when I'm undressing and wonder what it would look like without any hair like when I was a baby. Sometimes I sit at the edge of the bed and spread my legs. And stare into the mirror and wonder what others see. Sometimes I stick my finger in my pussy and wiggle it around the dark wetness and feel what a cock or a tongue must feel when I'm sitting on it. I pull my finger out and I always taste it and smell it. It's hard to describe it smells like a baby to me fresh and full of life. A baby trout.



Dumbshit: Do you feel it's possible
to experience pleasure & pain at the same time?



Dude: Sure! That's what ASS fucking
is all about. It's the most pleasurable way to get
fucked and it hurts the most too. Plus, fisting is fun.
Try 2 at once.

I wouldn't want a penis. It would
be like having a third leg. It seems
like a contraption that would
get in the way. I think I



I have a dick
in my brain.

I
don't
need

to have one
between my legs.
Right.



When I was a child I used to sit on the toilet and wait for the burning sensation between my legs to go away. I did not understand that if only my finger had found its way to my pussy the aching would have subsided. That all the twisting and pulling and rubbing and scratching of my arms and my legs would not satisfy my hunger. That the wetness in my underpants had nothing to do with my mother overdressing me. But as a child I did not have the words to ask, so I stayed on fire and burning, tormented and yearning until that glorious day when finger found flesh and with legs spread open and back arched, honey poured from my 14-year-old gash and I wept.

Madonna L. Ciccone, Crapulous Slut, Self-aggrandizing Harpie



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1. The first step is to identify the problem. This involves understanding the current situation and what needs to be changed.

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LARRY BUCHANAN'S

From Marilyn Monroe to **WACKY WORLD** *Zontar! The Thing From Venus*

by **Greg**

The man is tall and distinguished. His manner is cultured and self-confident. Clearly, filmmaker Larry Buchanan is unconcerned with his reputation as the director of *Mistress of the Apes* (1981) and *Creature of Destruction* (1967). **"People used to kld me about coming to Santa Barbara to retire,"** the dapper gentleman in the linen suit and wide Panama hat tells this writer.

"Filmmakers, especially schlock filmmakers do not retire. They just fade to black!" laughs Buchanan.

Larry Buchanan is best known for a series of no-budget science fiction films he did for American International Television. Shot in his hometown of Dallas, Texas, in the mid to late sixties, these films were mostly remakes of already terrible films. *Zontar! The Thing From Venus* (1966) is a color, 16 mm redo of Roger Corman's *It Conquered the World* (1956). *Zontar!*, granted a certain notoriety due to its comic book title, best typifies Buchanan's cinematic technique. Shot in sparsely furnished tract homes, the film finds its characters economically talking about global alien invasions taking place off screen. The title monster which can charitably be described as "disappointing" rather than frightening, sports ping-pong ball eyes and bat wings and looks like an overcoat stretched over an umbrella. In spite of, or because of, these shortcomings, the films in this series exude an air of hopelessness, claustrophobia and dread. **"This was how it was in Dallas at the time,"** Buchanan says.

These films were made primarily to pad a package of old American International fright films sold to television. Buchanan was instructed to come up with creature features eighty minutes in length and in color. Budgets were only allowed to vary between twenty and thirty-seven thousand and shoot-



Goodsell

ing schedules could take no more than two to three weeks. Today, these films can only be seen on television in the wee hours of the morning. While retaining fond memories of these features, Buchanan has no illusions about their lack of quality. As he puts it, **"these films came from hunger."**

"I hope that the guy or girl who comes home late from a hard day at work will stumble on to one of my pictures on TV at two a.m. in the morning and say, 'Hey, maybe life isn't all that bad!'" chuckles Buchanan.

And while he is best known for such cheap horror films - some of the other Texas terrors were *Curse of the Swamp Creature* (1966) and *In the Year 2889* (1966), a remake of Corman's *The Day the World Ended* (1956) - Buchanan has worked in a wide variety of film genres. Religious drama, racial melodrama, nature documentary and political exposé have all been subjects for Buchanan's camera. In addition, his filmography spans several decades. Buchanan's first full-blown feature, *Grubstake/Apache Gold* (1952), a black-and-white western, provided actor-friend Jack Klugman with his first film role. Today, Larry remains active in film production with various projects in different stages of development.

Most surprising of all is that Buchanan's *Mars Needs Women* (1966) which originally starred Tommy Kirk, is currently being given the multi-million dollar treatment at Universal Pictures. **"The film is a sequel, not a redo. John Avnet and Jordan Kerner who had such great success with *Fried Green Tomatoes* are my protégés. They are seriously pursuing this as one of their development projects,"** says Buchanan.

IN THE ORPHANAGE

Sharing the same birth date of friend and actor John Agar - January 31, 1923 - Buchanan was the son of a Texas constable. Orphaned at the age of three, Buchanan was placed in the Buckner's Orphans Home, a stringently Baptist institute in Dallas. **"When I was growing up, I was very interested in religion, still am. I made a film called *The Rebel Jesus* (1972), a religious picture. Growing up in an orphanage, [they] were very hard on discipline and very weak on rights and privileges. Religion was beaten into me.**

"At one time I started studying on my own about Christ, the works of Dietrich Bonhoeffer, Mark Twain and people like that. I one time asked a matron something to the effect that: 'Was Jesus a bastard?' She hit me across the face hard and I lost my hearing for ten years. The next seven nights, instead of dinner, I had epsom salts mixed with olive oil, and that's what I had to down. That's the kind of discipline that I went through. I wanted to learn more. What provoked that violent reaction? There must be something here," muses Buchanan.

Because life at the orphanage was so severe, the young Buchanan turned to the cinema for solace and refuge. Hitchhiking on the weekends to theaters, Buchanan would spend all day watching John Ford westerns. It was here that the director would form his first important contact in show biz, striking up a friendship with the head of Dallas' Fox Theater Exchange who was quite impressed with this young 'un's infatuation with film. **"Back in those days, the major studios had exchanges in all the big cities,"** Buchanan recalls. **"[At Fox], the manager would let me borrow copies of things like *Blood and Sand*. I would hitch-hike with the print on Saturdays back to the orphanage . . . on Monday, I would hitch-hike back to hand the print back.**

"Out on Young Street in Dallas, in the back they had these trash cans of censored scenes, cut and thrown in the trash. So I gathered all this stuff, took it back to my little editing thing at the orphanage, put this stuff together - talk about cinema verité! The colliding of these images were so fascinating, I started showing them to my friends. And of course they

found out about it and beat the living hell out of me." Buchanan remembers being specifically switched for showing his school chums Hedy Lamar's nude swim in *Ecstasy* (1933).

The orphanage failed to see a future for Buchanan in film and groomed him instead for a career in the clergy. Buchanan recalls that **"the last two years of high school, I didn't attend school. They sent me on the road with a tutor to speak and raise money for the orphanage. They said I was going to be a preacher. I wasn't! I never intended to be. But that's how I got a scholarship to Baylor University which I never took advantage of."** Buchanan reckons he was at Baylor University for three days before pulling an old, crumpled letter from his pocket. It was a note of introduction to Darryl F. Zanuck written by his friend at the Dallas Fox Theater Exchange. At the age of eighteen, in the year 1944, Buchanan would find himself plunging recklessly into film production and stage design. The following years would see him in Hollywood, New York City, and many other places in between before his semi-triumphant return to Dallas.

THE EARLY YEARS

Buchanan's first job upon arriving in Hollywood was working in the Twentieth Century Fox prop department. Within two years he graduated to bit player status in several productions. His tall, lanky frame lent itself naturally to westerns. Blink and you'll miss Buchanan in a barroom scene in *The Gunfighter* (1950) starring Gregory Peck.

Chomping at the bit to produce and direct his own features, young Larry heeded the advice of director W. S. Van Dyke to hie himself to New York City's Army Signal Corps Photographic Center where he "would be paid to direct." Buchanan remembers the Center as **"an incredible production facility with editing rooms, moviolas, you name it."** It was here that Buchanan would hone his craft, editing, photographing and directing countless training films during the day while performing on the New York stage at night.

Buchanan remembers his experiences on the New York theater circuit **"as being a pleasurable way to earn money and support myself, but it never came before my love of film."** Productions Buchanan performed in included *Dear*

Judith, with Freddy Hoffman, *Little Darlin'* in which he played a singing cowboy, and the leads in revivals of *The Cat and the Canary* and *Arsenic and Old Lace*.

"There was a lot of summer stock and productions out of town, like Provincetown and Chicago," Buchanan says.

Larry's most successful stage venture was *My Three Angels* which starred Walter Slezak and Darren McGavin and ran for twenty-two weeks. **"This was in 1954, the year my first son was born. That was about the time we decided to return to Dallas,"** recalls Buchanan.

A fledgling filmmaker that Buchanan met in New York City at this time was a brash young upstart by the name of Stanley Kubrick. Buchanan met Kubrick while at the Signal corps when Kubrick would come in at two a.m. to edit Buchanan's work. Buchanan is forthright and unapologetic in characterizing the young Kubrick as a **"deadbeat! Kubrick would always find a way to leave the table before the arrival of the check!"** By that time, in the mid-fifties, Kubrick had already established himself as uncompromising and difficult to work with. **"I knew him when he was putting the finishing touches on his first film,"** Buchanan continues, **"Day of the Fight . . . worst picture you ever saw!"**

"Kubrick began his career as a still photographer for Time magazine, based in New York . . . Kubrick was a good negotiator, but he just wouldn't listen when you told him how to set up a camera," says Buchanan.

When the time came for Larry to shoot his first full-length motion picture, *Grub-stake/Apache Gold* in 1952, Kubrick was the first to offer his services as a cinematographer. **"At that time, from 1948 to 1953, you were doing good to be on a set of a motion picture for one hundred dollars a week. We were offering three hundred fifty a week to the photographer. Kubrick said 'I'll do it for one thousand a week!' Of all the gall! He was broke and starving and he kept saying, 'I'll be happy to do it for one thousand a week.' He wouldn't budge on that price."** Buchanan also recalls Kubrick's penchant for borrowing motion picture cameras and not returning them. **"he just couldn't get on with people. I do not have the highest regard for him as a person."**

There was a parting of the ways between the two when Kubrick was filming what Buchanan believes could have been *The Killing* (1956) starring Sterling Hayden. Kubrick clandestinely gathered cast and crew to shoot on board a Staten Island ferry under the noses of the watchful motion picture unions. Stanley and company succeeded in getting the film in the can, only to find after processing, that the scenes had been shot totally out of focus.

"Kubrick bragged how no major could do that for ten thousand dollars. I told him, 'Yes Stanley, but at least a major would have come back with a scene!'" Kubrick and Buchanan did not speak to each other for years afterward. Larry last spoke to him in 1965, **"which was a remarkably pleasant meeting."** While holding his films in

high regard Buchanan knows the reasons why the reclusive genius goes many years between pictures

While remaining highly active on the East Coast during this period, the Lone Star state kept beckoning the director back to Dallas **"I kept coming back to Dallas, couldn't get away from it. I made this one reel short subject called *The Cowboy* (1949). It was made in West Texas. I played the cowboy because I looked like a cowboy, having grown up in that milieu. It played the Victoria Theater on 47th and Broadway. It was the companion to *Death of A Salesman* with Frederic March. I had done it for nine hundred dollars which included negative cutting and all travel expenses. We made the 'nut' back in nine weeks. I got one hundred dol-**

lars a week for the short so I said, 'Gee, this is a good business. I was making money in one theater!' I was kidding myself," says Buchanan ruefully.

Jameson Studios, the only film production company in Dallas at that time handled the processing for the short. Duly impressed with what Buchanan had done, Jameson would later officially make him the company's film director. This partnership would yield Buchanan's hot-in-Dallas features but this was still some time away at this point. Besides, Buchanan had a date with Hollywood's peerless "woman's director," George Cukor.

On the set of Cukor's New York-based *The Marrying Kind* (1952), Buchanan was an unofficial assistant director. **"It was kind of illegal. I was not a member of the union. In New York, if you're an actor, and a movie maker . . . [you] couldn't get in the union. However, when anybody came to town, Fred Zinneman to do *The Men* (1950), Cukor, or Elia Kazan, who lived in New York, they got me on as an assistant. I didn't hold a card. I got a check and was told not to say anything."**

"George called me on to the set for *The Marrying Kind* and the reason I remember it so fondly is that George did not really direct that picture. There were three of us who did the picture. It was cold and he would sit in the back of a limo, on a side street and tell us what to do - the three of us in overcoats. He'd say, 'Now Judy Holiday, I want her to go in this thing; I want ten couples behind her as if they are out strolling for the evening by that high rise and then shoot her coming.'

"He literally directed that film sitting in the back of the limo! I got to like George very much. George was a queen, a homosexual. I have worked with many homosexuals. It is not a problem for me to work with one. I love people for their work. To me, he was a great director. The reason I'm bringing this up is because I was hired to hire everyone below Aldo Ray including extras."

The Marrying Kind took on an especially ironic tone for Buchanan. **"I hired these ten attractive couples to walk behind Judy Holiday. And that's when I hired this girl named Jane Fiest to be an extra. You never use an extra more than once because the**



Naughty Dallas

audience will pick up on it right away. The instructions were that nobody was to be hired a second time, right? Well, the poor girl, at the end of the day she said, 'Oh, gee, I loved it, the money was great.' I told her the next night you show up with a wig. And the next night you wear sunglasses and the next night you wear this and you wear that. At the end of about two weeks, Cukor said to me, 'Larry, why don't you marry the girl?' He saw it happening." The girl was to become Buchanan's wife of forty years and the mother of his four children.

BACK TO DALLAS

Following *Grubstake/Apache Gold* (1952) and *A Taste of Venom* (1956), Buchanan and his wife elected to return to Dallas to seek a more wholesome environment in which to raise their children. At the helm of Jameson Studios, Buchanan ground out instructional and training films until his initial foray into fantasy cinema, *The Naked Witch* (1961). Made in 16mm for eight thousand dollars, Buchanan freely admits that he "didn't know what he was doing. No theater will show a 16mm film."

Concerning the vengeance enacted on the descendants of the persecutors of a (now) three hundred year old witch, the film's special effects provided a constant source of amusement to the neighborhood kids who gathered at the Buchanans' garage to watch movie magic in the making. "The actress, Libby Booth, was lying on the garage floor and I would spray paint her - it was washable, nothing toxic - to show the decaying face, starting with this lovely creature to a decadent mummy. It took all night. The kids just had to see what the hell we were up to, so I let 'em watch," laughs Buchanan.

Free, White and 21 (1963) was the dramatization of a famous Dallas rape trial, filmed simultaneously with the progress of the trial. "We worked from the transcripts. An English girl, we made her Swedish, she came through in the sixties and stayed at a black-owned motel. The owner of the motel was this guy named Tony Davis, a disc jockey. He had his hands in everything. Good personal friend of ours. The next morning, the girl claimed rape. They had a relationship; he admitted it. It was

a famous trial in Dallas and we followed it. I said to Tony, 'This is a great story. If you're willing to take a chance, if you come out guilty, we'll junk everything we do. I'll let you have the negative. If you come out winning, it's our picture.' He said, 'You have a deal.' So he worked with us.

"We started to work on this thing before the verdict came through. I flew it out to Jim Nicholson and Sam Arkoff (of American International Pictures), and we did not finish it!" During a nervous screening, Buchanan recalls monitoring the producer's reaction to the drama. "I'm sitting there going, 'What is this?' 'It's okay,' they said. That usually means that they don't like it when you're four reels in. I said, 'Well this was a wasted trip.' And they said, 'Can you come back to the office and sign a contract?' They didn't even bother to see the rest of it!" beams Buchanan.

Free, White and 21 was made for less than forty thousand dollars. Breaking house records in Detroit, the film was among the top grossing American films for four months. More importantly, it led to the contract with American International Pictures where Buchanan would attain his highest visibility.

Working out of Dallas in the sixties it was hard not to capture the specific zeitgeist of that time and place. It must be stressed however, no matter how often stated in countless reference books, that Buchanan's nudie "mondo" film, *Naughty Dallas* (1964), was not set in Jack Ruby's strip joint. "That was the second biggest mistake I ever made in my life!" exclaims Buchanan producer John F. Rickert, who would later produce *Mistress of the Apes* and *Loch Ness Horror* (1982). "Ruby's strip joint had ceilings so low the girls would bump their heads on the ceiling! . . . The only thing of his club in that movie is the outside and a shot of the marquee."

Other than the prominent Ruby, another character Buchanan remembers vividly was a lonesome loser by the name of Lee Harvey Oswald. Oswald would become the subject of Buchanan's next feature, a speculative drama entitled *The Trial of Lee Harvey Oswald* (1964). More about that later.



HIGH YELLOW AND THE AIP REMAKES

Before he was to tackle the AIP remakes in earnest, Buchanan was to helm the production of a black-and-white racial melodrama that would remain a personal favorite of his. "High Yellow (1965), I think, is just a lovely little picture . . . I think it didn't go over that well because people were under the impression it was a dog picture!" A modern re-telling of Octave Mirbeau's *Diary of a Chambermaid*, the term "high yellow" refers to a light-skinned Afro-American who sometimes passes for white. The film details the plight of a beautiful young black girl who poses as caucasian and becomes involved with a rich young boy. There is a murder and an inspired portrayal by Buchanan regular Bill Thurman as the heavy. "It was a beautiful experience. We found this big two-story mansion north of Dallas. It was for sale, nobody in there. We went there, made friends with the guy who owned it. We told him what we wanted to do. He said, 'Be my guest.' We put the cast and crew up, totally in that building.

"It was such a joy to do. Hollywood doesn't understand that. The fact that we could all tumble out of bed, a fireplace in every room, beautiful staircase going upstairs, a great pool - we hired our own cooks, this black man and woman, just fantastic cooks - wake up to this marvelous meal, we came out ahead! On everything! Meals, lodging and we had a look about the picture that was great."

That same year, Buchanan would dive head first into his wretched remakes. The first of these was *The Eye Creatures* (1965), a remake of *Invasion of the Saucer Men* (1957). John Ashley appeared in the Frank Gorshin role as the teenaged Romeo who heads off an invasion of big-eyed monsters at the local lover's lane. *The Eye Creatures* featured some rather elaborate monster costumes but little else.

Screenplays for this series came from existing scripts that AIP had laying around at the time. "Most of the time, Sam [Arkoff] would say, 'This time I think we need a swamp picture. We did this little thing with Roger Corman, look at it and see what you think.' And I'd read it and I'd call him and I'd say, 'Well, it's okay but



It's Alive!, Creature of Destruction

he's asking for this and this and this and we don't have that here.' And he'd say, 'Go do it!' It was a great way to make movies!

"And so, I would always check with Roger to make sure it wasn't something he personally owned and it never was. They had hired somebody to do it for Roger so they owned the property."

Mars Needs Women starred Tommy Kirk and is often incorrectly credited as a remake of *Pajama Party* (1964). The film also starred personal friend and occasional scriptwriter Anthony Houston in Lee Van Cleef's role as the mad scientist who has the last laugh on his skeptical friends when the bat creature he has told them he has been conversing with in a nearby cave causes a global power failure. Suddenly, flying bat creatures are everywhere, inserting AA batteries in the necks of the local police force and attempting to do the same to Houston's wife who fends off the attack with a .45. Houston destroys Zontar with a ray gun that changes the color film to negative while John Agar delivers a speech concerning man overreaching his mortal capabilities while we are treated to a collage of Zontar and his minion's victims.

"Just the other day the people scripting the sequel called me up to ask what [Craig] was saying at the end of the film when the saucer takes off. I told them she wasn't saying anything, just mumbling."

Mars was but one of four films the busy Buchanan and company, now dubbed Azalea Productions, ground out that same year. In the *Year 2889*, a remake of Corman's *The Day the World Ended* (1956) starred Paul Peterson of TV's *Donna Reed Show*. Here, the radioactive mutants who terrorize the survivors of

a nuclear war are bald-headed creatures festooned with layers of melting tempera paint. Peterson, on a recent nostalgic TV tour trail for cable's Nickelodeon Channel, remained oddly mute when a wise-acre member of the studio audience belated out, "How was it to work with Larry Buchanan on *Year 2889*?"

Curse of the Swamp Creature of that same year is often cited as John Agar's worst film, one "in which he does nothing but sit around and smoke cigarettes." Another series original, *Swamp* has penny-ante crooks running afoul of a mad scientist in the east Texas marshlands. The monster is an actor in a skull cap who also has the burden of having to sport Buchanan's signature ping-pong ball eyes. Larry has this sage bit of wisdom to impart to neophyte filmmakers: **"Never make a swamp picture. Your film comes back and it's all . . . strange."**

Zontar! The Thing From Venus, is arguably Buchanan's best known film. A remake of *It Conquered The World* (1957), Zontar finds Anthony Houston in Lee Van Cleef's role as the mad scientist who has the last laugh on his skeptical friends when the bat creature he has told them he has been conversing with in a nearby cave causes a global power failure. Suddenly, flying bat creatures are everywhere, inserting AA batteries in the necks of the local police force and attempting to do the same to Houston's wife who fends off the attack with a .45. Houston destroys Zontar with a ray gun that changes the color film to negative while John Agar delivers a speech concerning man overreaching his mortal capabilities while we are treated to a collage of Zontar and his minion's victims.

In an aside, Buchanan says that Houston, despite having appeared in this travesty, remains, even today, his good friend. In fact, Houston went on to become a prominent Los Angeles attorney practicing under his real name, Enrique Touceda, III. And in an ironic instance of art imitating life, Touceda went on to marry his Zontar co-star, Pat Delaney, who played his wife in that film. The two remain happily married to this day.

Creature of Destruction was next, a remake of *The She Creature* (1956). Familiar radio voice, Les Tremayne, stars as a carnival hypnotist who casts a spell over his lovely assistant, Pat Delaney. The monster this time, a shabby, third-removed cousin of *The Creature from the Black Lagoon*, in addition to sporting the ubiquitous ping-pong ball eyes, has a

body that is an obviously modified wet-suit with scissor cut fins. *Creature* is also full of distinctive Buchanan day-for-night scenes - blue gel slapped across the camera lens with the noonday sun clearly visible on surfaces of water, car bumpers, etc.

This monster would reappear in Buchanan's *It's Alive!* (1968) for all of fifteen seconds. **"We shot *It's Alive!* with Tommy Kirk in a cave in Tennessee in seven days,"** Larry recalls. It looks it. Running, for the most part, without sound, *It's Alive!* is Buchanan at his most minimal. Bill Thurman, ever the heavy, locks up unwary roadside travelers who have come to tour his cave to later feed to his monster. Suffused with a genuinely creepy atmosphere, the film is most notable for an extended flashback told by a spinster schoolmarm Thurman keeps as a housekeeper. In it, we are privy to the surreal sight of Thurman chasing the schoolmarm and then whipping her fallen body with a leather belt, all in stylized slow motion. This was a result of Buchanan being unable to afford slow motion cameras and so having to opt for his actors to work at a snail's pace.

Buchanan tried to maintain a positive attitude while filming in spite of daunting odds. **"They said, 'Give us color, eighty minutes and here's your check.' They never talked about aesthetics. Any time I would say, 'Look, I want to really do something right,' and we'd talk about two hundred or three hundred thousand . . . they didn't want to hear about it. And you know, that hasn't changed about Hollywood."**

"I've always said that, knowing that film was my life, I would rather be shooting Super 8 for video on farm animals or on the life of plicants or something like that, than working as a clerk somewhere. Certainly, we all had grandiose ideas. I'd like to warn young filmmakers, be careful with what you start with. Serve notice that you're doing this from hunger. You need the money, you need to pay the rent. Let the people know that. DON'T make any deals like I did with AIP. They were signed with the I.A. Their union contracts would not allow them to make movies like I did. So, written into my contract was 'No personal PR for Larry Buchanan!' He cannot say, 'Look at what we are doing for peanuts down here.' I would be killing the golden goose!"

"No publicity! I would go on the local tube and talk to people, run little stories on us in the local paper . . . but if I was to get a call from outside of Dallas, 'Larry, we'd like to do a story on you,' it would be, 'I can't talk. I'm sorry. It's in my contract.'"

Hell Raiders (1968), a Korean war film starring John Agar, rounded out the TV contract with AIP. There is one thing Buchanan wants to make absolutely clear: None of the aforementioned films ever played theatrically anywhere at anytime. **"They were all shot in 16mm, it would be expensive to blow them up to 35mm and they wouldn't be worth it!"** declares Buchanan.

There was an irrevocable parting of the ways between Larry Buchanan and AIP over 1970's *A Bullet for Pretty Boy*. Starring Fabian Forte on Buchanan's highest allotted budget, three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, AIP executives felt that Larry was going over schedule and over budget. Buchanan was fired midway through shooting and replaced by legendary grade-Z western director Maury Dexter.

FAUX BERGMAN

With the debacle of the AIP-TV films behind him, Buchanan turned to a deeply personal work that would confound B-movie mavens and emerge as his all-time favorite film. *Strawberries Need Rain*'s (1970) plot is very simple but let Larry tell it: **"In a German, Scandinavian-type village, a young girl is dying. We don't know what of. The Grim Reaper comes to get her. It's a fantasy. Les Tremayne played the Grim Reaper with scythe and everything. He comes to get her. At the gate, she stops him and says, 'Look, I've never loved.' A sixteen-year old girl playing this role, a beautiful girl - 'I've never loved, give me twenty-four hours. I was still-born when I was born and I lost that first day. Give me that first day back.' So what happens is that she goes to the three men, young and old, who impressed her and had sexual feelings toward. One was a crippled boy, who was a very nice boy, another was a tough kid on a motorbike. And then there was her teacher, Gene Otis Shayne,**



Mars Needs Women

who did my Rebel Jesus. And those three men constitute the story. And the last one is the teacher and she makes love to him in this beautiful Scandinavian-type setting.

"The Grim Reaper comes at the end of the day and he says, 'I'm ready to take you now.' And she rushes up to him, she looks up into his eyes and she says, 'I'm ready to go.' And he says, 'Oh no, I can't.' And she says, 'Why not?' And he answers, 'There are two of you now!' She's pregnant!

"At that moment, I swear to God - we can prove it, swear to God, we waited through three weeks for rain - Strawberries Need Rain? We had to create rain. I expected rain in south Texas! At that moment, when he said ['There are two of you.'] it started to rain. [And the actress] She was so wise and instinctive; I didn't say a word, I didn't interrupt. Many times I will cough off camera but I said 'She knows what to do.' She just lifted her face and [it] just splattered across her face, real rain! And it's just a beautiful scene! It's a beautiful little picture. It's really an art film."

Buchanan feels that if there is proof that Larry Buchanan can direct a picture, it's *Strawberries Need Rain*. Marketing the feature was difficult however. **"I delivered the picture,"** Buchanan shakes his head, **"and it was too arty for them. Roger Corman, who was my guest at the Director's Guild conference - we invited a lot of directors - met me in the lobby and said, 'Larry, this isn't**

my kind of picture but I wish I made this one.' That's a quote. You can ask him about this . . . It was just not commercial.

"So to this one distributor in Dallas, a local guy, I said, 'Look. I've always believed in paying my backers back, so I'll tell you what I'll do. You take on this picture and we guarantee we'll at least make the nut and over!'"

Booking the film at a theater near Southern Methodist University, Strawberries was billed as an undiscovered Ingmar Bergman film. Buchanan got a big kick out of overhearing his film being discussed by pretentious college students in hushed, reverent tones.

THAT REBEL JESUS

With the arrival of Andrew Lloyd Webber's popular rock musical *Jesus Christ Superstar*, projects involving the Son Of Man were considered hot properties in the early seventies. A lifelong scholar of the Nazarene, Buchanan filmed his religious epic, *The Rebel Jesus* in 1972. While the film has elements of the theories expounded in *The Passover Plot*, Buchanan says the film basically chronicles **"the lost years of Jesus. It treats the Nazarene as a human being, a man. And the ideas of his so-called divinity comes after leaving the tomb. I treat him as a man."**

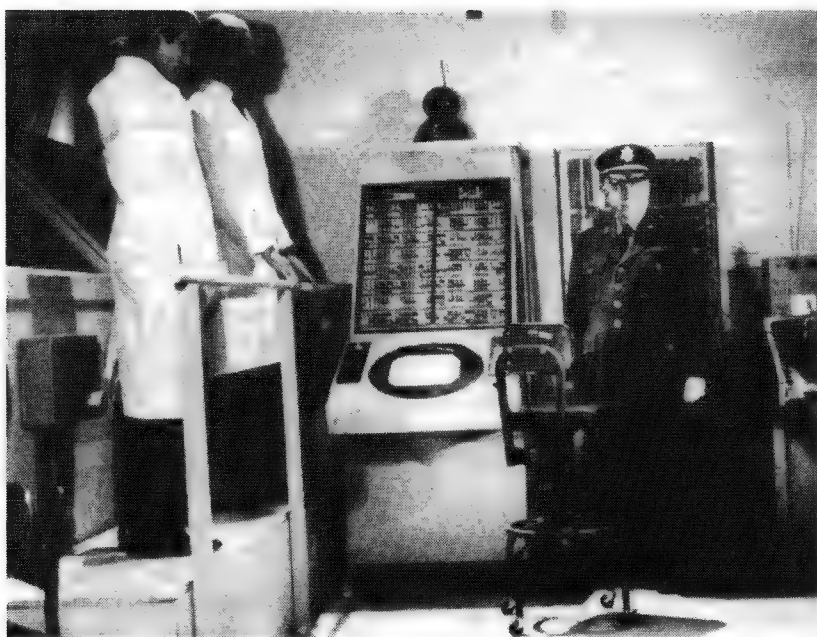
The temptation here is to liken *The Rebel Jesus* to Martin Scorsese's adapta-

tion of *The Last Temptation of Christ*, which Buchanan personally found **"horrendous. I would never put on the screen what he did. He cheated on that picture. I believe in being daring but to have the Nazarene seated in line as if he's going to screw Mary Magdalene - that inference was up there all the way up to when he speaks to her, then we find he's offering salvation. Even the novel doesn't have him doing that. He's waiting outside."**

"A lot of filmmakers - and I'm one of 'em - I'm in a great class, Ingmar Bergman, Martin Scorsese, Robert Wise, they've all told me this: that they have these religious demons in them. These demons have to be exorcised. I think I did that with *Rebel Jesus*. The public, looking at this, is scared of it. Frightened of this thing, this man saying, 'I am as you are.' And yet I can point right to scripture for it. Jesus was a very robust man. Here was a man who walked the desert; he was strong and appealing. And they always try to make him so esoteric . . ."

"Fundamentalists don't want any change on this man. I finally realized that. We sneak-previewed the film in Amarillo. Very hard right fundamentalists. I have no problems with fundamentalists, I grew out of that but they were ready to lynch me! It was a packed house! In the lobby afterwards, ministers came up to me and said (waving a finger) 'Mr. Buchanan, you --' You wouldn't believe the fire and brimstone! I had to go to the men's room to get away from them!" chuckles Buchanan.

Shot in Tunisia with a crew of five, which included cinematographer Don Reddy who went on to acclaim with the *Lonesome Dove* TV mini-series, *Rebel Jesus* was shot for one hundred sixty-thousand dollars including all lodging and travel expenses. Officially unreleased, Buchanan hopes to make the film available on videocassette regardless of the fact that Blockbuster Video would, in all likelihood, refuse to stock it.



Zontar, The Thing From Venus

LIFE IS CHEAP

Goodbye, Norma Jean (1976) saw Buchanan returning to high camp form with his unauthorized account of Marilyn Monroe's early years. Buchanan, by his accounting, places the film's budget at fourteen dollars and sixty cents. Future *Hee Haw* honey, Misty Rowe, plays the young goddess in a losing battle to keep her long blonde curls out of her eyes, face and mouth. Again, Buchanan does not defend the film's low quality. Rather, he is proud that the film, to this day, still turns a handsome profit.

Charting Marilyn's struggle to the top of the Hollywood dung heap, *Goodbye* has Rowe endlessly being raped and exploited by filmland scum. Ostensibly a 1940s' period piece, all the male characters wear the type of polyester leisure suits made fashionable by disco dimwits during our nation's bicentennial year.

One scene in particular is purposefully autobiographical. At a debauched Hollywood party, a snuff film showing two down-on-their-luck starlets butchering a wino is screened. **"I recreated that. I saw a snuff film back in the forties when I was shooting footage in Puerto Rico. I once saw a child gunned down with machine guns for amusement there. There's a tremendous black market in South America for transplant organs, all from children. Life is cheap there,"** Buchanan ruefully notes.

"Cheap" is an apt description for Buchanan's *Mistress of the Apes*. Featuring ape man makeups from a young and hungry Rob Bottin, Apes tells the story of a plucky female anthropologist who shucks off the male hegemony of modern society to live with a tribe of missing links in Africa. Buchanan says that the film's Kenyan settings are really sites in Malibu State National Park!

Likewise, *Loch Ness Horror* - about everybody's favorite modern sea serpent - was lensed in Lake Tahoe. **"Lake Tahoe looks more like Loch Ness than Loch Ness,"** notes Buchanan. **"There's the island with the little castle on it - beautiful area."** The articulated serpent head that is prominently featured in this film makes an out-of-left-field appearance in the John Landis omnibus, *Amazon Women On The Moon* (1986) as Jack The Ripper!

THOSE CRAZY CONSPIRACY THEORIES

Buchanan's *Down On Us* (1984) lay in limbo for a long time until it popped up on tape as *Beyond The Doors* in an effort to compete with Oliver Stone's *The Doors*. With a typically impoverished budget, the film tells how Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin were murdered by moles in the Nixon administration who feared a hippie youth uprising. Jim Morrison narrowly escapes death and lives out his life in a French monastery translating ancient manuscripts.

Buchanan remembers Morrison performing at the Whiskey A-Go-Go in Los Angeles openly bad-mouthing Nixon onstage. "They're all out to get us, ma-an!" is how Buchanan recalls Morrison defaming the U.S. government at the time. Larry calls Morrison **"The finest mind ever to front**

Larry Buchanan Filmography

- 1952: Apache Gold/Grubstake
- 1956: A Taste of Venom
- 1961: The Naked Witch
- 1963: Free, White and 21
- 1964: Under Age
 - The Trial of Lee Harvey Oswald
 - Naughty Dallas
- 1965: The Eye Creatures
 - High Yellow
- 1966: Zontar! The Thing From Venus
 - Mars Needs Women
 - Curse of the Swamp Creature
 - Year 2889 (aka In The Year 2889)
- 1967: Creature of Destruction
- 1968: Hell Raiders
 - It's Alive!
 - The Other Side of Bonnie and Clyde
 - Comanche Crossing
- 1969: Love and the Animals
- 1970: A Bullet for Pretty Boy
 - Strawberries Need Rain
- 1972: The Rebel Jesus
- 1973: Camille, Baby
- 1976: Goodbye, Norma Jean
- 1977: Hughes and Harlow: Angels In Hell
- 1981: Mistress of the Apes
- 1982: The Loch Ness Horror
- 1984: Down On Us (aka Beyond The Doors)
- 1988: Goodnight, Sweet Marilyn (original title: Who Killed Poor Marilyn?)

a rock group . . . he wanted to drop out and concentrate on his poetry."

Reflecting on the Kennedy assassination, a topic he addressed in his *Trial of Lee Harvey Oswald*, Buchanan fumes, **"They actually thought that that bastard did it! Wasn't so!"**

Buchanan's last completed film, *Goodnight, Sweet Marilyn* (1988) returns to the Marilyn Monroe mythos, specifically the night she died. Readily available on video, viewers will experience *deja vu* while watching it. That's because more than half the footage is culled directly from *Goodbye Norma Jean!*

Bracketed with new footage of Monroe being counseled by psychiatrists which provide convenient segues to older footage from *Norma Jean*, *Goodnight* purports to reveal the real reason behind Marilyn's death. "Marilyn was not murdered. It was not an accident. It was not suicide." The solution offered in *Goodnight* is that Monroe's demise was a mercy killing at the hands of a Texas bit player named "Mesquite." Monroe saw signs of encroaching madness, the same madness that afflicted her mother and so asked Mesquite for a lethal injection of a drug.

Buchanan says that this scenario was given to him by Mesquite himself who dropped out of sight years ago. Starring Marilyn Monroe impersonator Paula Lane and three other virtual unknowns, a set consisting of two rooms of a single home and utilizing only "available" lighting, *Goodnight* is almost as minimalist as *It's Alive!*

TEXAS MAVERICK

Larry Buchanan has pursued a career outside of the Hollywood mainstream due to what he calls his "Texas pride," a certain stubbornness that we see in lone mavericks like Ross Perot. Today, Buchanan lives well while pursuing other film projects and taking the occasional acting role. **"Sometimes I am called up if they need a part for an elderly gentleman on a TV show."**

Buchanan also remains busy by keeping in touch with fellow low-budget filmmakers like Ted Mikelis, Roger Corman and Larry Cohen. One contemporary that Buchanan shared cast and crew members with that has dropped out of sight whom he would love to hear from is Tom Laughlin of the Billy Jack series. **"Laughlin had a great instinctual knowledge of film. I don't know what ever happened to him. Don't know if he's teaching or what. He one time asked me in jest, 'Where did I go wrong?'"**

Various projects with which Buchanan is currently at work include a film concerning the making of the German film classic, *The Blue Angel* and a docudrama of West Point's first black cadet, Chet Flippo.

At the young age of seventy, Buchanan has no intention of slowing down, giving up or abandoning his visions. Excited at the possibility the *Mars Needs Women* sequel holds, Buchanan is slated to sign on in an advisory capacity should the cameras ever roll. Ever the joker, Buchanan suggested a number of titles to the scriptwriters including *Mars Still Needs Women* and *Mars Needs More Women* but he feels the most provocative title, not to mention the one that would sell the most tickets would be: **"Mars Needs Women 2: The Penetrators. At least I know no one would steal it."**

and his pal Henry Hotchkiss in Flower Town, U.S.A.

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FOUR OF A KIND BEATS A FULL HOUSE! I WIN! DOOFUS! TAKE OFF YOUR UNDERPANTS!

OKAY...

EW! DOOFUS, THESE SKID MARKS ARE DISGUSTING, REALLY...

OH YEAH? WELL IT JUST SO HAPPENS, HENRY HOTCHKISS...

...THAT THOSE STAINS WERE ALREADY ON THAT PARTICULAR PAIR OF BRIEFS WHEN I BOUGHT THEM...

... AT THE SALVATION ARMY THRIFT SHOP!

AND HIS PAL HENRY HOTCHKISS in Flower Town, U.S.A.

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WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO TODAY, DOOFUS?!

!?!

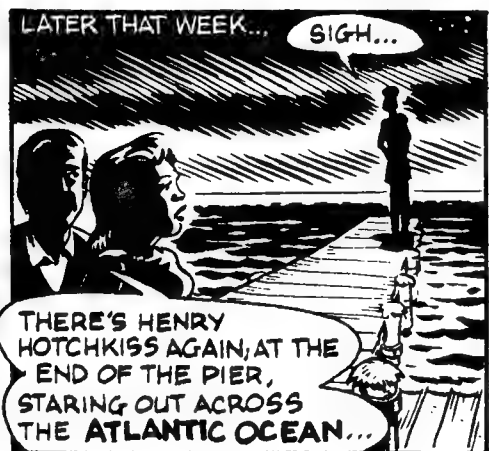
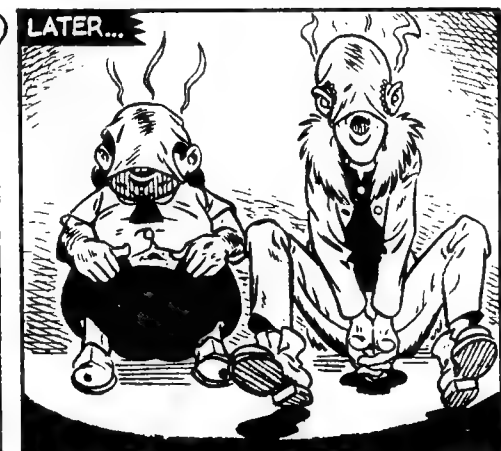
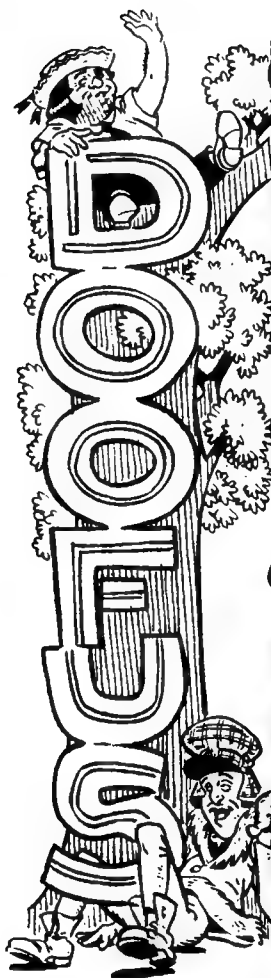
Ahhh... LET'S GO OVER TO THE SCHOOLYARD AND SNIFF BICYCLE SEATS!

OK, BUT WHICH ONES DO WE SNIFF? THE BOY'S SEATS OR THE GIRL'S SEATS?

BOY'S SEATS GIRL'S SEATS IT DON'T MAKE NO DIFFERENCE T'ME, HENRY HOTCHKISS!

GOSH DOOFUS! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE BI-CYC-UAL!

SPROING!



Of all of Russ Meyer's well-cantilevered heroines, Francesca "Kitten" Natividad always struck me as the one having the most fun.



**BY
MELANIE SCOTT**

Kitten, who had an on-again, off-again relationship with Russ Meyer for six years, appears as the Greek Chorus in *Up*, and in the dual role of Lavonia/Lola Lagusta in *Beneath the Valley of the Ultra Vixens*. Since then, she has appeared in several breast-oriented XXX adult films (i.e., *Titillation*), often in the de rigueur lesbian sequence. Ms. Natividad also has had a number of intriguing bit parts in mainstream Hollywood movies (such as *Another 48 Hours*) and was "the girl who popped out of the cake" at Sean Penn's bachelor party.

Born in Chihuahua, Mexico, and educated in El Paso, Texas, Kitten is the oldest of nine children. Her father, who passed away recently, was a government metallurgist, her mother was a housewife.

Although known for her candor when it comes to revealing details of her sex life — she told John Waters that she introduced Russ Meyer to the joys of cunnilingus and anal sex — she seemed quite reluctant to say anything negative about her experiences as an exotic dancer and adult film star.

Now 44, and living in Los Angeles with three (actual) kittens, Kitten Natividad continues to make a living as an exotic dancer. Although she had previously refused to do hardcore scenes in adult films, she seemed to waffle somewhat on that stand when I talked to her. I got the impression that, for both financial and personal reasons, she very much wants to make movies again.

Brutarian: I noticed in an interview that I read that you didn't develop until you were 18...

Kitten Natividad: Yes.

B: Did that change your career plans?

KN: It more or less did. I wanted to be a nurse, but I didn't have the money for college, and my parents didn't either. I found out that I could make real quick money dancing and I just started to enjoy it so much... I was real good at it.

B: How did your parents feel about your dancing?

KN: At first they didn't like it. Even now they kind of wish that I had had an education. They don't mind the dancing; they just feel bad that I didn't get educated.

B: When did you start dancing?

KN: I was about nineteen.

B: Do you remember what it was like that first time?

KN: Yes, it was very scary. I remember that I couldn't smile. My cheeks just would not go up to smile, and my knees were wobbling. I was dancing, but I didn't think I was. I mean, everybody said I was really dancing, just going for it, but to me it seemed like I couldn't move.

B: Where did the nickname "Kitten" come from? Was it from your childhood?

KN: It came from when before I started dancing, when I went to the agency to try to get a dancing job. And they didn't like my name and they said: "You should be called a kitten." I would have never in a million years thought of that name.

B: Is it weird to have an agency dub you a name that sticks to you for life? Or do you like Kitten now?

KN: I liked it then, I don't really like it now. I'm getting older, I'm too mature to be called Kitten. I like my own name now.

B: Do you use Francesca now?

KN: I use it on and off. And in my family they all call me Frances.

B: One thing I like about Russ Meyer's stars, and you in particular, is that on screen you seem to be having fun. You seem to be in control of the

situation, which is why women can enjoy Russ Meyer movies. Is that you? Or is that what you wanted to come across on the screen?

KN: It's very much me and it's very much what Russ wanted also. It worked, and I guess that's why Russ hired me. He likes that kind of woman that has a lot of energy. And his movies require a lot of energy. I'm too old to do another movie for him, because I don't think I'd have that kind of energy (laughs).

B: So when you are on the screen, do you perceive that as being a character or do you perceive it as being yourself?

KN: A bit of both. Because (Russ Meyer) wants you to be a female fatale and go around screwing everybody, and in real life I'm not that way, I just want to be with one person. But Russ loves women that will screw anybody (laughs). So that's not really me. But the other part of it is me, the wildness.

B: Did Russ write *Beneath the Valley* with you in mind?

KN: He had to turn around and rewrite it. I was just supposed to play Lola Lagusta, and he just couldn't find someone to play Lavonia, the hippy girl. So I guess he called Roger Ebert, one of his best writing buddies, and they came up with the idea of just letting (Lavonia) moonlight at night as a stripper. And her

husband won't even know because he's real dumb. So that's what happened. Two or three weeks after we finished shooting, they just changed everything.

B: So you went from being a minor character to the star of the movie.

KN: Yes, it was incredible. And then they added a few things, like when I went to the truck and when I take the cab home, to make it fit in.

B: I read somewhere that the atmosphere on Russ' sets can be kind of tense. Is that something you found to be true?

KN: Well, when you work outside and stuff and you have to hike up to places, you kind of get tired. But to tell you the truth, if you like acting and stuff, the hard work makes it really fun. I enjoy that. I can't stand the sitting around and waiting.

"I think I was supposed to be a stripper, and also Johnny Rotten's girlfriend. He hated me. He hates all women anyway."

B: Did you meet Russ by chance? Or were you trying to get into a Russ Meyer movie?

KN: I was trying to get into movies and it just happened that the girl that was the star of *Supervixen* knew me, and she told him about me ...and he hired me for *Up*. *Up* wasn't making any sense. It was already finished, but he had to have some kind of narrator — he always likes to have a narrator in his films.

B: So you did interact with any of the other people in *Up*?

KN: I didn't get to meet anyone or work with anyone but myself.

B: Russ was going to do the Sex Pistols movie, *Who Killed Bambi*? What part were you supposed to play?

KN: I think I was supposed to be a stripper, and also Johnny Rotten's girlfriend. He (Rotten) hated me.

B: Really?

KN: He hates all women anyway.

B: But you did get to meet the Sex Pistols at the height of their fame. It wasn't a good experience?

KN: I don't know, I never saw them perform. For a while they would come to see Russ almost every day. They just seemed... like some guys, like some friends or something.

B: Did you read the interview with Russ Meyer in *Incredibly Strange Films*? In it, Russ describes the various women he has worked with and he describes you as a "sex machine." How do you feel being described like that?

KN: Well, Russ was my boyfriend, and if that's what he wanted to say about me, that's fine. He ought to know first hand.

B: Do you feel under pressure to be a sex kitten all

the time?

KN: No. When I go out shopping and stuff, I don't dress sexy, and I don't try to get attention, so nobody bothers me. I feel like when I want it, I get it and when I don't, I don't.

B: Who were your favorite co-stars?

KN: (Pause) I don't know. I enjoyed working with a lot of people. I enjoyed mostly working with directors, like Steve Savage, and of course, Russ Meyer.

B: The one thing I think of whenever I see a Russ Meyer movie is: doesn't it hurt? I mean, all that bouncing?

KN: Of course it does!

B: So that's an occupational hazard of working in a Russ Meyer movie?

KN: And then sometimes, you have to act like a pretzel, all those contortions... At the end of the day, I used to be real tired.

B: And that shooting through the bed springs thing...

KN: Oh, that was one of the most painful things! It really was.

B: Whatever happened to *Jaws of Vixen*?

KN: I don't know. We broke up and he decided not to do it. I think he's going to do it, but he's going to use another girl. A younger girl. Probably one with bigger tits.

B: I don't know — wouldn't that be kind of difficult?

KN: Not really, nowadays they are giving girls great, big boob jobs.

B: So yours are all natural?

KN: Yeah!

B: In John Waters' *Shock Value* you said that Russ was kind of a sexual Neanderthal until you, ah, broke him in. Were you just saying that for effect, or was that true?



KN: It was all very true. I could tell John that because John's a dear friend. And I didn't say anything that was a lie because Russ was right there.

B: Is your career in adult films over?

KN: I don't know if it's over, but it is real slow.

B: I heard somewhere that you weren't going to make any more Triple X movies... was that a deliberate decision?

KN: I don't know, I'm a woman, I can change my mind. And I want to!

B: You want to make more movies?

KN: Oh definitely. I love them, and they are a lot of fun.

B: Even the adult films?

KN: Yeah, if it's going to be a good film.

B: One thing I was wondering — you're very good at bringing off this wild woman persona on the screen. Do your boyfriends ever wonder if you are faking it?

KN: Oh no! He can tell! I don't ever have to fake it (laughs).

B: Some of the small roles you've had in Hollywood films are fascinating. What was it like to be topless next to Pat Paulsen?

KN: I loved it, even though I never, ever thought I'd be topless next to him!

B: What were some of your favorite cameos?

KN: Probably in *My Tutor* and *Wild Life*.

B: How did you get to be on the screen in *Another 48 Hours*? (In that film, Kitten appears briefly in part of a film being shown in a sequence that takes place in a porno theater.)

KN: I think that the director liked me for some reason, and they needed a big-boobed girl to appear in a sequence. So they used a movie I had already made (*Caballero*). And then they just paid me, so I really didn't have to do anything. It was just simply marvelous!

B: Is *An Evening With Kitten*, the film you produced yourself, the kind of film you prefer to make? That kind of naughty comedy?

KN: I like all kinds of B movies — if it gives me a

chance to do what I like to do, which is high energy and fun. But I'm not opposed to being a murderess or anything like that. And I'm not opposed to looking ugly, either. Like in a horror film — I'd like to do a horror film.

B: *An Evening with Kitten*, with its series of naughty blackout sketches, seems to be harkening back to the days of burlesque. Was that a conscious choice? Do you have certain burlesque stars you were trying to emulate?

KN: Oh yes, definitely.

B: Who are they?

KN: Nobody really creates things (in burlesque), things are just passed on. Like my bathtub, Lili St. Cyr did it. And Gypsy Rose Lee, with her classy gloves. You just take a little bit of everything that you like.

B: What's your current marital status?

KN: I'm very single. I have a boyfriend right now. And I kind of love it (being single). I've been married

like four times, and I've always had a boyfriend between marriages. But I'm older now, and I feel more comfortable being by myself. It's not lonely. Because now my sisters all have kids, and I like to go and see them, and I like to go visit my grandmother. It seems like

when I used to tell my boyfriends or my husbands, "let's go see my mom in San Francisco," and they were always, like, "oh, I don't want to."

B: So would you like to settle down and have a family and all that?

KN: I don't think so. I mean, I don't mind having a husband or even adopting, but I don't know if I can have kids. It would be hard on me, I'm 44 now.

B: So you don't have any white picket fence fantasies.

KN: Yeah, sure, but I still feel, like, not right now. And even when I was married, I mean I did cook, and I'm very homebody. But for right now, I have these three cats.

B: I thought that I ought to include a Barbara Walters-type question. What is your idea of a perfect day?

KN: Well, to wake up without a hangover (laughs). Basically, not to have any stress of any kind and no appointments and just let things happen. I'm

*"Sometimes I think I'm
more in love with my
breasts than anybody."*

always having appointments, I've always got to see people. I would get up and eat, and read a book, and eat, and watch TV with no phone calls. Of course, I wouldn't want a lot of those kind of days!

B: What do you see your life being like in a year or a couple of years?

KN: Well, I assume I'll keep visiting my friends and family, and I'll probably be retired in a couple of years. I'm kind of budgeting for that. And I don't really know what will come of that. For a woman, this kind of career is short-lived. But I lived it very well! But, you know, it does get kind of tiring.

B: But do you enjoy it?

KN: I wouldn't be in it if I didn't.

B: What's the best part about what you are doing?

KN: Well, I get to travel, and I get to be adored by a lot of people, and I am truly appreciated.

B: What's the worst part?

KN: The worst part is that you can be lonely, and that you can be stranded, because sometimes you go to these towns and they don't even have cabs. And you are just stranded and you can't go anywhere. And also sometimes you might meet a club owner that's a real asshole. That's all I can

tell you!

B: What are you up to now?

KN: My father recently passed away so I decided to stay home for two months. I have three little kittens and I don't want to go on the road! But I might have to, because of financial problems. I make more money on the road than I do here. Here in town I work at a club called the Cameo Room on Normandy and Sunset Boulevard. It's kind of neat.

B: Do you ever want to say "enough with the breasts, already." What your relationship with them?

KN: Sometimes I think I'm more in love with my breasts than anybody. Because a lot of guys, once they start dating me, they fall in love with my kooky personality, or my ass. I feel like going, "Hey, I thought you loved my tits!" And they'll say, "Well, that was for starters." But basically what I love most about myself is that I find humor in me.

Kitten Natividad fans should check out her fan club, which she runs herself, or An Evening With Kitten, her video, which features much of her stage act, plus a series of Benny Hill-type comedy sketches. Write to: Kitten Klub, PO Box 48938, Los Angeles, CA 90048.

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Love Feast 1969. COLOR - Here's a truly incredible SWV film discovery - "Love Feast" (also known as "The Photographer") stars ED WOOD JR! See Ed seduce sexy hippie chicks in his underwear! (It's a lot scarier than you can imagine) Dir. Joel Robertson.

Passion In The Sun 1964. BW - An escaped carnival freak abducts an exotic stripper. Nearby, foreign agents look for secret plans but we never know why! Lots of great carnival footage. Strippers, freaks, murder, etc. Dir. Dale Berry

SIN Magazine 1965. BW - Three brothers publish a men's magazine on their farm. Two of the brothers' wives have an affair causing one of the brothers to go berserk

Murder In Mississippi 1965. BW - An ultra-rare deep-south civil rights nude-ruffie by the creator of the "Olga" series of films. A witness to a murder is killed while a prostitute entertains the victim's brother. The sister is nearly raped and the rapist is castrated before her eyes. Dir. Joseph Mawra.

Psychopathia Sexualis 1966. BW - Definitely a sexploitation masterpiece. Produced by shockmeister Albert Zugsmith. An impotent man with a fetish for roses indiscriminately kills people (including his mother) because he was seduced by a nympho in a rose garden. Don't pass this one up!

Whatever your desire... "RENT-A-GIRL"

Rent-A-Girl 1965. BW - A woman mistakenly joins a modeling agency which turns out to be a whorehouse. Involved in an orgy where she is whipped and actually branded, she is saved when police raid the joint

She Came On The Bus 1969. BW AKA THE SICK ONES - A group of sadistic thugs and their nymphomaniac girlfriends terrorize and torture a suburban housewife and some passengers on a bus in this nude-ruffie tease flick. Dir. Kurt Ledyer

Notorious Big Sin City 1970. COLOR - This film has it all - exotic dancers, man-hungry nude sunbathers, sex with a snake lesbians, strippers and peeping toms

My Sister's Biz 1970. BW - A prostitute introduces her younger sister to the business - orgies, pot parties, lesbian sex and a bit of incest. One of the last BW nudes shot before hardcore

Eat, Drink and Make Merrie 1969. COLOR - Judy Farr is a merrie nympho. She seduces everyone in her family and it ends up a big orgy. Another hot nude from the maker of Dracula, the Dirty Old Man.

Bell, Bare & Beautiful 1962. BW - This ultra-rare Friedman/Lewis nudist camp film is famous for its starlet - "The Queen of Burlesque", Virginia (48-24-36) Bell and the fact that she gets down to the buff. See the limbo as never before.

Shangri-La 1961. BW - "A nudist story that's different" say the ads. Join the uninhibited and unashamed at England's nudist colony "Shangri-La". See nudists smoking cigarettes in this rare nudist treat.

GIRLS Come Too 1963/66. COLOR - "Supreme court ruling: Complete nudity no longer obscene" said the court in 1965. So an ingenious film promoter dusted off a 1963 nudist movie called "Nature's Sweethearts" starring Marie Stenger (one of Bunny Yeager's girls) and directed by Irving Klaw, and inserted "pickle and beaver" footage throughout to take advantage of the new liberal laws. A true genius! In beautiful Sex-A-Color



HOT GIRLS FOR MEN ONLY

Hot Girls For Men Only 1967. COLOR - Porno editor David Kernan is fired from one men's mag and gets a job at a religious publication which is a front for another sleazy skin magazine. Adults only!

Jenny - Wife Child 1965. COLOR - A young country wife goes out on her older husband and seduces a young farmhand. Meanwhile her husband gets drunk and is seduced by the town slut.

Hot Skin And Cold Cash 1965. BW - A woman whose husband is in prison becomes a prostitute to support herself. After satisfying a beatnik, some college students and a priest, she gets into group sex. We never find out what happened to the husband. Dir. Barry Mahon

Flesh and Lace 1965. BW - Tammy Latour plays a B-girl who gets seduced and becomes a nymphomaniac. A pimp adopts her and provides her with men, but as



FLESH and LACE

prostitute gets into all kinds of wacky situations with her tricks - a man who wants her to make love with another woman, another who wants her to engage in group sex, etc.

Killer Snakes 1972. COLOR - Here's an over-the-top Hong Kong Horror-sex-Kung Fu film by the people who brought us the fine "Black Magic" series. Deemed way too strong upon its release it was given an X rating!

Violated Love 1967. BW - This import from Argentina has a murder mystery, a blond temptress, racketeers and the amazing "dance of the whip" strip club act.

Young Erotic Fanny Hill 1970. COLOR - The all-new adventures of the "mod" Fanny. She "plays games her mother wouldn't dare play!"



the girl from pussycat

The Girl From Pussycat 1967. BW - A lesbian gang plans a robbery. One of the members is promiscuous to the point of liking both sexes. They have a huge heterosexual orgy to celebrate

Sandra - Making of a Woman 1970. COLOR - On the death of her sicko alkic father, Sandra goes to San Fran and experiences various forms of wild sex, a lesbian encounter, a man who wears women's underwear, a sadistic motorcyclist, etc. A psychiatrist tells her it's all perfectly normal

Fleashpots of 42nd Street 1971. COLOR - Diana Lewis stars in this tawdry look at the comings and goings of prostitutes, transvestites, hustlers, pimps, gays, etc. on NYC's famous street. Dir. Andy Milligan

Love Commune 1969. COLOR - "15 hot-blooded young dropouts living in one room!" Wild hippie nude madness

The Seducers 1968. COLOR - Sex and seduction on a yacht with prostitute degrading a young man, a lesbian encounter, incest between mother and son, a threesome and a great twisted ending

Sintha, The Devil's Doll 1969. COLOR - Here's a new mint transfer of a recently discovered print of director Ray Dennis Steckler's Texas psychedelic nude horror occult exploitation classic. A must see. Highly recommended

Sweet Bird of Aquarius 1970. COLOR - Newlywed Bill Kerwin is denied conjugal rites by his Ingrid wife. A doctor recommends a cure - a nudist camp! Not only does she get over her phobia, she becomes comfortable in swinging male swapping parties. Don't miss Bill Kerwin with his pud hanging out. Highly recommended!



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Headmistress 1970. COLOR - She's a sexy blonde dyke who runs a school for young girls. See beautiful chicks being initiated into the art of seduction, lesbian sex and flagellation

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SOMETHING WEIRD VIDEO™

IT'S A *SIC [sic]* WORLD



MICK CANCER AND FRIENDS

by Brian D. Horrorwitz

I've always been fascinated by the cryptic approach to underground music (The Cramps, Residents, Butthole Surfers, etc.) and I enjoy trying to figure out who is in what group, who is real and so forth. Although the noisy stuff is fun, it's always been the raw, pud-poundin' garage slop that got my proverbial ya-ya's out. Over the years I've noticed a few names repeatedly surfacing (like a herpes sore that just keeps comin' back) and always wondered just who these people are, and if they even exist. Specifically, I'm referring to Palmyra Delran (yeah, right), Sal Mineo's Only Son (sure), and . . . Mick Cancer (Is this guy kidding?) a few wackos involved in trashy punkabilly bands with names like Pink Slip Daddy, Das Sumpthinerother . . . and Sick Kids. Oh, sorry - Sic Kids. Or was it Sic Kidz? In trying to straighten this whole mess out, I had the chance to talk to Mick, Palmyra and Sal Mineo's Only Son (hereafter referred to as SMOS, thank God), the three main culprits involved.

Very few young people today seem to have ever heard of the Sic Kidz (or, for that matter, The Beatles) and those fortunate enough to be hip to their howlin' are still unaware of their origin: A bizarre accidental birth into the world of rock-n-roll. Yep! We're talkin' more pre-fab than the Monkees, more of a put-on than Spinal Tap or Gwar could ever be! The prank that no one planned, not even the guilty parties involved! A cute little joke that backfired and has since metamorphosed to such a great size that its gotten completely OUT OF CONTROL!

Mick Cancer was all of ten years old when the arrival of the king (Elvis, that is) would change his life forever. In the late 60s he felt the calling of rock-n-roll and began writing music articles. During the 70s, Mick was writing occasionally for *Creem* and other rags. Mick was the type of guy who would stand in front of a mirror and pretend to be Jagger or some other rock singer but never quite had the motivation he needed to actually do it. Until punk came along. By the late 70s, Mick was writing for *The Drummer*, a weekly *Village Voice*ish paper. Punk was in full swing and Mick would frequently go to clubs such as CBGBs in New Yawk to get an earful of noise by artistes such as The Dead Boys and Alex Chilton. In 1977, Mick saw The Cramps and they made a big impression on him. He was a little leery of approaching them at first (Brian Gregory absolutely mortified him!) but Alex Chilton convinced him to do an interview with Lux and his crew and they've been good friends ever since. At one point, Mick decided to write a joke article for *The Drummer* about a fake punk band called **Sic Kidz**, making them out to be an actual existing band. On the cover they ran a photo of Mick (pretending to be a singer) holding a microphone, wearing dog chains, a beret, and what seems to be eye makeup that makes him look like Alice Cooper on an off day. For an inside photo of this mythical group, Mick got his girlfriend, Alison (The) End, a record store clerk, and buddy Tim Trauma to pose with him. Alison gleefully holds Mick's chain leash in her mouth while Tim looks like he just got smacked in the face with a sack of pancake mix. The gag was pulled off but seemed to backfire when the paper was flooded with calls from clubs wanting to book this hot, new punk act. They decided to carry on with their elaborate prank by actually getting some instruments together to perform one show. Mick: "None of us had ever picked up an instrument before in our lives." Mick sang lead, Alison played guitar, Tim was on bass. They drafted their "unusually small" friend, Rich Lustre, stuck him behind some drums, turned him on to The Velvet Underground, and told him to play like Mo Tucker. Mick: "Alison listened to a lot of Link Wray and Dwayne Eddy and . . . you know . . . just figured it out and got a few chords down. We started writing songs and finding obscure covers that people might've thought we wrote like "Radar Eyes" by the Godz and "Frenzy" by the Fugs. A few months later, Mick and company performed what they thought would be their first and only show, opening for their pals, The Cramps at The Hot Club in Philadelphia around February of 1979. The introduction to their set by The Cramps' Lux Interior can be heard on the Sic Kidz retrospective LP, *No Reason To Complain* on Apex/Sky-clad Records. The Sic Kidz perform originals like "On A Jones" (as in Jim) during which they drink Kool-Aid and pretend to croak, and "The Ballad Of Sid Vicious." Mick: "We did one song called "The Band That Can't Play" where we did stuff like, just say, 'Hey! We really *can't* play this stuff but here we are!' And then we would give our instruments to the audience at the end of the song and let them finish it for us."

Sic Kidz got such a positive reaction that they decided to continue gigging. Both Lux and Ivy of The Cramps encouraged Mick and helped convince him that it was entirely plausible to perform. Mick: "The whole idea was that *anyone* could do this. If you have the right attitude, anyone could play rock-n-roll. You don't have to be Steve Howe or Roger Waters to pull it off."

Soon after their first performance, Sic Kidz recorded a demo of "On A Jones" which sat in the can until it was released posthumously by the Psychoacoustic/Ralph Records label in 1989. The record was pressed as a ten inch EP with "On A

Jones" and "Dogfood" on one side and an etched drawing on the other. The record comes with a packet of Kool-Aid, two collectors cards (one's a drawing of a can of dog food, the other of Rev. Jim Jones) and . . . an actual piece of the (now demolished) People's Temple. The whole schmear was packaged in a long coffin-like cardboard thingy.

SMOS remembers an early Sic Kidz show: "I went to see the Sic Kidz in about '79 and they were so bad they cleared the entire club." SMOS himself was somewhat of a musician who dropped out in the 70s because "everything sucked so bad" until punk came along and gave him the inspiration to start again. Mick: "Punk rock kind of afforded me the opportunity to finally open my mouth and not worry about what it sounded like too much." The Sic Kidz trashy sound and wild, theatrical stage antics soon got them a big reputation. SMOS, who remembers once being virtually the only one inside the club watching them while the rest of the crowd waited outside for the headlining act, and seeing one typical show flier that pictured Mick about to hack up a baby carriage with a machete, says that, "Everyone hated the Sic Kidz. In Philadelphia they were a big joke. Everybody said that they had no talent and they really sucked and people had real strong opinions about them not being allowed to exist."

Despite that, Sic Kidz continued gigging, opening for groups like The Contortions, The Gang Of Four, and Wayne County. The latter (in pre-Jayne-sex-change days), apparently popped a cork one night (foreshadowing?) and refused to go on after one wild Halloween show at The Hot Club. During the song, "Brighter Day" (about the same mass-murdering-misses - the McDonald's one - that was the subject of the Boomtown Rats' "I Don't Like Mondays") which Alison sang, the band went on a wild *Carrie* trip. Fake blood was poured all over the place, pissing off Wayne until he had a little fit and wouldn't perform.



Mick: "I like chaos."



"Bang! Yer fired!"

Mick: "I think maybe we upstaged him." (Or perhaps it was an early sign of PMS!) SMOS: "The Sic Kidz were a really great visual band 'cause there was a girl in it playing a hollow-bodied guitar and a midget drummer. And he looked REALLY sinister too."

Around November of 1980, tragedy struck when Alison was killed in a fatal accident. After a period, Mick and the others decided to continue. Rich moved over to guitar and the hunt was on for a new drummer. Meanwhile, the group recorded the song, "Rhythm Gurl," written as a tribute to Alison and released it along with "Frenzy" and "Radar Eyes" as the Rhythm Gurl EP. For this session they drafted drummer Joe Ankenbrand from the group Bunnydrums. Around this time, Sick Kidz played a gig at Emerald City in Cherry Hill, New Joisy with sixteen year old Becky Wreck (who now drums for the Lunachicks) sitting in. Palmyra Delran, who had Alison's old job at the record store was asked to drum but declined. Palmyra: "I never thought about being a drummer." SMOS, however, noticed a "DRUMMER WANTED" sign and decided that it was time to start playing again. SMOS, who had been waiting until he found the right kind of "indifferent" band, walked in and said, "Hi! I'm not really a drummer, but . . ." and that's all it took. Also at this time, Tim left the group and was replaced by Mark "Clams" Casino. With a tighter rhythm section, Sic Kidz were back in action, performing songs with subtle titles such as "LSD," "Neanderthal Man," and "Needle Head."

Palmyra: "I remember one Sic Kidz show that I was in the audience where Mick threw a coconut at me, which was really a picnic, let me tell ya. It hit me in the shin. Every time I saw The Sic Kidz, I came back with bruises!" SMOS: "Mick is a very focused performer, very quiet off stage, and very, very in control AND out of control at the same time on stage." Palmyra, reminiscing on her first close encounter with Thee Cancerous One, recalls that during a performance of the song, "Neanderthal Man," at one show, Mick, "grabbed me, threw me down on the ground and started, like, humping me with our clothes on. I could not get away from him! I mean, I was actually trying to get away from him at one point. I was, like, 'This guy's gonna fuckin' kill me!' Y'know? He wasn't fuckin' around, he was, like, *really seriously* going at it!"

Sic Kidz continued gigging, playing with bands like The Dead Kennedys, The Plasmatics, Iggy Pop and . . . Jorma Kaukonen (yes, you read that one right), pissing off lots of Deadheads. SMOS: "There was no reason for that show." During one show at The Hot Club Mick attempted to fall off the stage into the crowd who graciously greeted his arrival by suddenly parting and "KLONK!" Palmyra: "He just walked off the stage and fell on his ass!" Apparently the band continued playing for several minutes until they noticed that their singer was unconscious. End of that show!

In 1983, Sic Kidz recorded five songs, four of which were released on the Big Beat label in Europe as the I Could Go To Hell For You EP. Although recorded in Pennsylvania, the final mixing was done in Los Angeles by producers Lux and Ivy. The EP definitely has that primitive gut-punchin' feeling to it, but with a tighter sense of control compared to earlier material. With the release of this record, the band is now referred to as **SicKidz**. SMOS' tight drumming, counterbalanced by his not using a kick-drum, keeps things rockin' yet raw; the way the good Lord intended it. "Night Of The Living Dead," the last cut on the EP, is one of the scariest tunes ever scratched on wax.

After being involved for one-and-a-half years, SMOS decided that SicKidz weren't active enough for him, so he up and quits and immediately heads for his basement laboratory to work on his life's dream: inventing the Fuzz Snare-Drum! SMOS recommends his buddy Rob Rip Rock take over the banging. With this lineup, the band continues to gig. Around this time (1984), SicKidz somehow get lumped in with the psychedelic revival, perhaps because of their appreciation for obscure garage tunes and because of originals like "LSD" (which is about as sixties sounding as a trash compactor).

The SicKidz go into the studio and record The Alarm Clocks' "No Reason To Complain" and the Warsaw (pre-Joy Division) tune, "Interzone." On the eve of this ill-fated session, internecine conflicts finally cause the band to split up. Rich wants a heavier AC/DC-ish sound and moreover, hasn't really been getting on well with Clams. Was it the end of the beginning or the beginning of the end? What the fuck am I saying?

Mick isn't through and quicker than you can say, "Mars Needs Women!" he reforms the group, moving Rob to guitar and once again asking non-drummer Palmyra to drum. She decides, "Y'know, I might as well just learn." SMOS gives her a few private . . . "lessons" . . . and she quickly picks up his primitive, non-kick-drum style, taking it one step further by playing standing up. But what to call this new frolicking foursome? Mick says they thought about calling the group SicKidz but they really *weren't* anymore. Rumor has it that one ex-member (Gee, I wonder who?) was claiming legal rights to that name! Oy? Mick: "We were watching all those Herschel Gordon Lewis movies at the time and for some reason, one day, the word 'yahoo' really appealed to me. But it just didn't sound right - The Yahoos or whatever. I think at practice one night we were, like, goofing off, just, mouthing off . . . and it was around that time that that movie *Das Boot* was out. And for some reason somebody said, 'How about 'Das Yahoos?' And it seemed so crazy . . . but so *right*."

One month of rehearsing (Gosh! A whole month?) and it's off to start gigging. Das Yahoos start working on a new record and publishes copies of *Das Nusletter*, in which you can learn "personal" facts about band members and even enter the "Win-a-Dream-Date-with-Yahoos" contest! Their recordings are produced by Ben Vaughn (of The Ben Vaughn Combo), a close friend of SMOS. Very close. So close, in fact, they are almost as one, ya might say. As Palmyra puts it, "Y'know, to tell you the truth, I never really saw SMOS and Ben together in the same room at the same time." The record, a six song EP is released in 1986 and called *Sturm Und Drang* which is German for "Storm And Stress" or something like that. (No one I interviewed seemed quite sure.) It includes a few originals, some tunes written by friends, and a couple of obscure covers such as a reworking of Hasil Adkins' "We Got A Date," and "Werewolf," an Appalachian folk song by way of The Holy Modal Rounders. The wacked-out cover art is by - now bare in mind that I'm not sure if some of these people actually exist - Madge Dinnette. *Sturm Und Drang* is one heck of a piece of plastic and my only complaint is that it's too damn short! In general, all six songs are cool, and "Werewolf," which is more of a *moan* than a song, is downright disturbing!

As sure as shit stinks, no article of this ilk would be complete without inevitably pointing out the fact that many people - not this one, mind you - are continually drawing comparisons (uh oh, here it comes) between the many Mick Cancer groups (oh no) and their "similarities" to . . . to . . . The Cramps. (There! I said it! The weight's been lifted, the thorn removed, the dildo retr - - well, you get the point.) That is to say, to the *uninitiated*, y'see, the similarities *are there*, but *really*, I mean, come on fer goshsakes! Anyone who *actually listens* knows they're very different. Lux himself thinks the Cramps-clone label pinned on by some critics to be utter hogwash. (We can give that award to a LOT of other more deserved bands, no names mentioned puh-leeze.) I prefer to think of Mick as the east coast, acid-doppleganger version of Monsewer Lux; Mick's music a bit more "psycho" than "billy." Dig? Dug?? Cool! 'Nuff said on that.

Das Yahoos gigged pretty heavily, winning over new fans with their wild stage antics. As with Sic Kidz, Das Yahoos were also an extremely entertaining group visually. If you saw them on the legendary *Scott & Gary Show* via public access cable, you know what I mean. That Cancer is all over the dang place! One minute he's singing from inside a big studio trash can (stuck in head-first, of course), the next he's kneeling on the floor shoving a (fake?) loaded gun in his mouth, all while Palmyra's poundin' out them demon rhythms, her hair-bone bouncin' to the beat. Rob and Clams, acting a bit more sedate on this tv show, seem to take it all in stride. At one point several audience members take the stage for a complete disemboweling of The Jackson 5's "I'll Be There," firmly putting the 1970s to rest forever.

After playing for about three years, in-group disagreements once again cause a split. Clams apparently had this crazy idea that the band should purchase a 1950-something Cadillac and just hit the road, as if some magic "Tour Fairy" would have gigs all lined up for them! It just don't happen like dat! After Clams splits Das Yahoos, the band gets Deadspot singer Mike Aaron Elvis (mmm-hmmm . . .) to fill in on bass for a couple of final



Das Yahoos line up for inspection (left to right): Rob Rip Rock, Clams Casino, Mick Cancer and Palmyra Delran.

shows, this time the band being billed as . . . (wait for it) . . . SicKidz!

In early 1987, Palmyra starts her own label, Apex, and puts out *You're Soaking In It*, a complication of Philly bands (I think). Mick puts one cut on it, Jessie Lee Turner's "Shake, Baby, Shake" with Aldo Jones (a real name??) on sax and SMOS on all other instruments. Speakin' of him, about this time SMOS emerges from his basement laboratory having completed his Fuzz Snare-drum! He, Palmyra and Mick begin working on what starts to be a Mick Cancer solo LP, but ends up mutating into . . . **Pink Slip Daddy**. The name is yanked from The Beach Boys lyrics to "Little Deuce Coupe" and refers to the ownership papers of autos gambled on in drag races, but it seems to possess a sexual connotation too. Produced once again by Ben Vaughn, the eponymously titled LP is recorded half at Invisible Sound in Baltimore, Maryland, and half at the Apex Recording Service in Camden, New Jersey (i.e. in Ben's parent's basement). Mick sings of course, Palmyra plays drums, bass and stuff, and Ben -- er, uh . . . I mean SMOS . . . plays guitars and thangs. This elpee may be Mick's most solid record to date, just the right mixture of older and new originals and of course somewhat obscure covers. The disc contains a re-recording of Sic Kidz' "Dogfood," the first song Mick ever wrote! Also sometimes referred to as "(Eatin') Dogfood (Out Of The Can)," I don't have to tell ya what happens when this song is performed live, but let's just say Mick gives new meaning to the expression "woofing your food!" PSD also re-records "Rhythm Gurl," giving it a more somber, moody feeling. Other originals include a rockin' ditty called "Elvis Zombie," the short-n-sweet "1-2-3-4" and its backwards counterpart "4-3-2-1" natch', and others. Covers include Sonny Bono's "It's Gonna Rain," T. Rex's "I Love To Boogie," and Big Jay McNeely's "Is There Something On Your Mind?" Overall, the record pulls from the cooler sounds of rock's roots, blues, rockabilly, garage, etc., all chewed up, swallowed and barfed back out into the listener's face, twisting the whole thing into one wonderful punked-out sound that is definitely PSD's and no one else's. Oh yeah, this one also has more special "guests," so, just for the . . . *record* (heh-heh): Tina Gomex, a life-long friend of Palmyra's who had played bass for The Things That Creeped And Crawled Right Out Of

The Ground (featuring Mike Aaron Elvis) plays fuzz face bass on one tune, Zane North, a writer/photographer friend of PSD's plays bass on one, plus some backup singing on one song by Ben Vaughn and the promiscuous Dan Buskirk of Hypnotizing Chickens.

The LP seemed to do well and the torrid trio once again felt the urge to take to the stage. For a permanent bassist, Palmyra dared her friend Barb Dwyer to join the group. Barb, who was working at a punk boutique at the time, had never played before, naturally. Palmyra: "I just went over to her house one day with my drumsticks and, like, banged rhythms on her bed and she played bass. She picked it up in a week. It was amazing." Their first gig was on January 11 of '89. Now that PSD was a performing group, they set out to release their next record, the LSD EP. Once again striving for the unusual, Palmyra came up with the concept for this wacky little disc, which was to cram every possible vinyl gimmick into one record. So, what we have is a ten inch EP, with a gatefold cover (parodying The Rolling Stones' Beggars Banquet), limited to 2,000 copies with each one personally numbered. The A-side, a re-recording of Sic Kidz' "LSD," plays at 45 rpm from the inner-groove out. The B-side, Mario Roccuzzo's "Nervous Breakdown" and a rare Stones' instrumental called, simply, "Stoned" (Do I detect a drug reference trend happenin' here?), plays at 33 1/3 rpm with the grooves of each song pressed concurrently. That is, the B-side can be played twice, each time yielding a different tune, if you're so inclined to (Whew!). The inner photo has the four of them joyously lunging around a dinner table (a feast of sorts) in what must be a Stones' satire (SMOS looks disturbingly Keith Richardesque) and, emerging from the fireplace, a mystery face -perhaps the ghost of Brian Jones reincarnated - - uh, reincarnated. (Maybe they put him in there to dry off.) PSD were now in full swing playing shows that were as wild as ever. One particular club had the ritual of carrying Mick over the crowd, his head inches from the spinning ceiling fan! Mick: "Being on stage is like the ultimate high and our fans are incredibly appreciative."

In 1990, PSD released their next LP, Antidisestablishmentarianism. Palmyra: "We named it that because it was the longest word you could ever burp or fart if you're so talented." The LP, again produced by Ben, was the most diverse record yet and shows Mick's singing to have expanded into a wider range of styles. Having been persuaded by Ben to try ballads and more vocal oriented tracks, Mick feels that Anti . . . showcased his best singing so far. The covers included Roky Erikson's "I Walked With A Zombie" (done here with chimes and pretty female backup harmonizing), "Transistor Radio" by 60's street singer Bongo Joe, Suicide's "Dream Baby Dream," Jonathan King's "Everyone's Gone To The Moon," and Bob Dylan's "Jet Pilot" (Mick's a huge Dylan fan).

Before recording the LP, SMOS one day received a call from his publisher. Apparently John Waters is starting work on his new movie, *Crybaby* and wants him to compose and record three songs for possible use in the film. The song titles, which are made up by Waters, are "Teenage Rage," "Highschool Hellcats" and "King Of The Drapes." The three songs (which SMOS claims were all written in twenty minutes time) were recorded by PSD but never used in the film. To add further to the previously mentioned Crampsfusion, those guys were also simultaneously offered to write the same three songs. Which they did. Their versions were also recorded but not used either. Mick and Lux both agree that any of their versions would've been much cooler than the lackluster generic-billy that was used. The three PSD versions are all on the Anti . . . LP, "King Of The Drapes" being retitled as "King Of Love." My

personal fave is "Sex And Violence," the lyrics, which are merely a chant of "Sex and violence, Sex and violence . . . sexsexsexsexsexsexsex . . . And VIOLENCE! . . . VIOLENCE! . . ." are sung and sometimes maniacally screamed over a pounding staccato (look it up) beat whilst in the background roar the sounds of police sirens, machine guns, etc.

Since Anti . . . (Hey, I got better things to do with my time than type out Antidisestablishmentarianism all flippin' day!), PSD have released two singles: "Rock Old Sputnik To The Moon" b/w "Shaggy Dog" (by SMOS' childhood fave Mickley Lee Lane) on Get Hip and Alex Chilton's "Junkyard" (recorded for the European Chilton tribute compilation LP) b/w "Sex And Violence" recorded live on Sympathy For The Record Industry. PSD also have a live version of "House Of The Rising Sun" on a French 'zine flexi-disc, as well as a cut on Skylad Records' Stuff This In Yer Stocking Xmas comp.

About one-and-a-half years ago, Palmyra hooked up with her friend Jezebel, who was then playing in Powderhorn Jones and the Hellions. Together with Barb, the three formed The Friggs and recorded a single for the Apex label: The Troggs' "Come Now" b/w "Dance Of Love." Frigg, incidently is supposed to mean either female masturbation or to be the Nordic goddess of "conjugal love" or some shit like that. (I always thought it was a really horrible tasting fruit.) The Friggs got a drummer and started gigging frequently as PSD became more of a part-time "special event" sorta' thang. Recently, Barb left both bands to form Drool, in which she also takes a more active part as a writer.


For the newest PSD release which has just recently been completed, Jezebel joined the gang on bass. It will be out soon on Sympathy For The Record Industry on cassette and compact disk but NOT on record! (Come on, John! Sheesh!) SMOS hopes that eventually it will be on actual vinyl and perhaps eight-track as well. It's called Rock Damage And Other Love Songs, the title cut of which is co-written by Mick's eight year old son. (He helped out on the first verse.) Other originals include "King Of Stupidity," about Jerry Lee Lewis and "Frustrated Male" about all of us dudes. There's lots of cool covers and surprise guests, so buy it!



Pink Slip Daddy today (left to right): Jezebel, Mick, Palmyra and SMOS

Nowadays PSD don't play as much as they used to, so whenever they do, it's sure to be a whacked-out event. Just a few weeks ago (December of '92 that is), PSD played a show at Philly's Khyber Pass. At one point, that naughty Mick started ripping out ceiling tiles resulting in godknowswut kind of dust and stuff to be flung all over the place. SMOS, complaining about little things like contracting a lung disease, glanced over to see Mr. Cancer chowing down on one of the damn things! (Probably no dogfood around.) Surely, this was the asbestos show ever. Mick: "I like chaos."


Folks, check out these maniacs sometime. This is real rock-n-roll, from the heart. No other groups that I know of have ever evolved from such peculiar yet honest beginnings. They don't sound like they do 'cause they're supposed to, these cats play this slop as a labor of love, culling sounds from the music they love and making that music their own. Mick: "In my performances I try to put out physically and emotionally as much as I can. And on the best nights those audiences give it back to me and that's really a great kick, y-know, when you feel that happening; I think that's really it."



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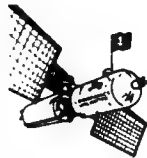
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... OR, NOBODY SAID IT HAD TO BE GOOD!

SHIT, THE
DEADLINE FOR
BRUTARIAN IS
TOMMORROW, MAYBE
I'LL JUST DRAW
THE FIRST THING
THAT COMES INTO
MY "MIND"...



BY DOUG ALLEN



WHEW, THAT WASN'T TOO BAD AFTER ALL. MAYBE IF THEY PAID ME, I'D PUT SOME TIME INTO IT!

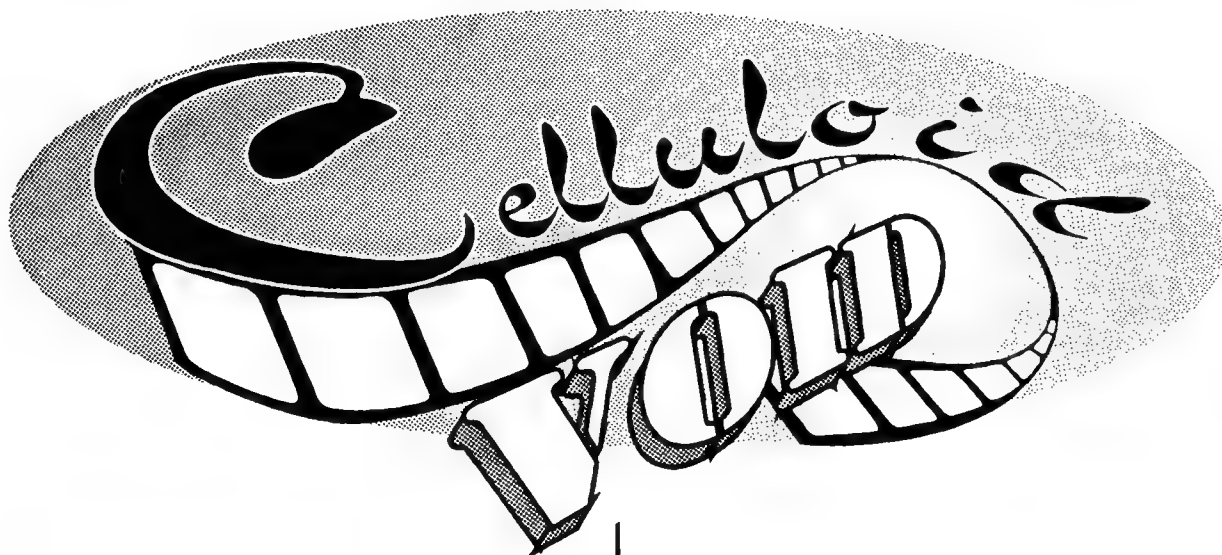


...OH SHIT, NOW MY CONSCIENCE IS BOTHERING ME. IT'S NOT GOOD TO PUT OUT INFERIOR WORK, EVEN IF IT IS FOR BRUTARIAN.



MAYBE I SHOULD DO A BIG "TOUR DE FORCE" DRAWING FOR THE LAST PAGE, TO MAKE UP FOR THE TOTAL LACK OF INSPIRATION IN THE REST OF THIS STRIP.





Basic Instinct

(d) Paul Verhoeven (1991)

Paul Verhoeven's latest film received a real pasting from a number of influential critics because of what they deemed was a politically incorrect depiction of homosexuality. The public, for the most part, ignored the scribes, turning out in droves to see what was touted as a sexy, erotic thriller, a murder mystery really, featuring a heretofore unknown beautiful blonde actress named Sharon Stone who was supposedly willing to do "anything" (including flashing her pudendum during a police interrogation) to bed an L.A. police detective Nick Curran played by Michael Douglas.

On the surface, *Basic Instinct* is an interesting turn on the femme fatale theme but if you take a closer look you'll find there is something darker, something more perverse going on than the story of a seasoned detective falling for a woman he believes is recreating the murders she cooks up in her mystery novels. And this is what makes the film so damn interesting.

I believe at its heart, *Basic Instinct* is really the story of a man's inability to deal with his anima, his feminine side; the side that society and some uninformed members of the psychiatric profession would incorrectly call the homoerotic impulse. Jung and I would call it, yes: a rather, "basic impulse" or "instinct."

Let's take a look at the Curran character drawn by director Verhoeven and screenwriter Joe Eszterhas. He's a loosely wrapped cop who has apparently killed a number of innocent people - "bystanders" he calls some of them - in the last five years. Why? Well, we're told that he's unbalanced but we know that as he's seeing a psychiatrist somewhat against his will. But what's making poor Nicky crazy, what's turned him into such a loose cannon? I contend that it's his inability to deal with his own sexual impulses, impulses that a man working in a "masculine" profession would have been conditioned to regard as feminine. And so by necessity, this cop, in order to continue being a good cop, to not let his feminine side get the better of him in a job that has no room for the feminine, has repressed these impulses. But whatever is repressed eventually comes to the surface and Curran, in continuing to fight against himself has gradually gone a little insane.

Curran's erotic impulses center on his desire to be dominated by a woman. And it's more than just an aggressive, phallocentric female he's looking for; he longs to be literally "penetrated" by a female. This is the

reason the filmmakers have made Sharon Stone's character, Catherine Tramell, a bisexual. A heterosexual female's experience lies only in being penetrated but a part time lesbian, well that's a different story. This is the reason Curran falls for Tramell. Not because - the film's most notorious scene - our femme fatale flashes her mons during a police interrogation but because she is a woman who likes to "experiment" who likes to "use her fingers." Now we all like to use our fingers during sex - what is it that makes Tramell's simple comment so erotically supercharged during this scene? It's not because she's naked underneath her dress; it's because she's telling Curran and all the men in the room that she enjoys anally penetrating males.

For a middle-aged American policeman the need, much less the desire to be dominated and penetrated by a woman could only be viewed as effeminate, as homosexual, and so Curran would be unable to admit to himself, much less communicate to others what it is that really turns him on. Subconsciously however, Curran tries to get what he wants. When we are first introduced to him, we find that he is already involved with a psychologist, a relationship that only a subordinate personality would enter in to (And just in case we didn't get the point, this psychologist-girlfriend works for the LAPD and has been assigned to monitor and file periodic reports on Curran's mental and emotional states). Unfortunately, his girlfriend is unreceptive, frigid in fact and Curran frustrated, mock-rapes her in one erotically charged scene, smacking her, tearing her clothes and then taking her roughly from behind. What this sequence brings immediately to mind are the fantastic and lyrical rapes in Jean Genet's "prisons;" Douglas in aping the act of a male homosexual is attempting to create a tableau vivant for his lover so that she can literally "see" that he is reversing or mirroring his fantasy. Douglas has entered into a relationship that, by virtue of his lover's profession, carries with it the imprimatur of normalcy, but by choosing a partner who is unresponsive he subliminally increases his psychic needs.

So Curran leaves his lover to satisfy his "homoerotic impulses," choosing a woman he is sure is a murderer. (A homicidal Lorelei luring unwitting men to her bed to slay them with a ice pick. The murder weapon as metaphoric phallus leaves in its wake a multitude of bleeding vaginas simultaneously robbing the victim of his life and his sex.) This suggests that Curran also possesses the subconscious wish to punish himself, the attainment of desire concomitantly arousing guilt. It's guilt that forces Douglas to retreat into alcoholism, that causes him to push his few friends away, that pushes him to the brink of professional suicide.

And it's not guilt over the fact that he may be inadvertently protecting a murderess as many critics suggested. A man who felt professional guilt would not allow a murder suspect to tie him up, as she did with her previous victim, or to remain curiously unaffected when discovering that Tramell's butch lover and possible accomplice has been watching him fuck if he was merely feeling guilty as a "cop." No, to willingly allow yourself to be rendered helpless, to risk death, is a manifestation of guilt on a much deeper, more personal level - granted, it also increases the pleasure of the act for a disturbed personality like Curran but this is secondary: pleasure always takes a back seat to pain. It's the guilt aroused as a result of engaging in taboo and "unmanly" sexual activities. And in polite and even professional society one doesn't talk about such things. Thus, Curran knows, in a sense, that he cannot be judged and so he must judge and punish himself; when the guilt feelings overwhelm him, he has little choice but to place himself in situations where there is a great chance that he will be annihilated.

Basic Instinct works because it effectively dramatizes the psychic struggle of its protagonist. Although you're fairly certain that Catherine Tramell is the murderess - and I'm not going to ruin things for you by revealing whether she is or not - Verhoeven and Ezerhas have thrown in enough red herrings to keep you guessing. The acting of both the principals and the supporting cast, especially George Dzundza, is uniformly terrific. Sharon Stone is suitably and subtly fetching as the lubricious belle dame sans merci and the normally florid, Michael Douglas is surprisingly effective as the tortured detective; at times he seems as if he's legitimately wrestling with his own personal demons. If the film can be said to have a weakness, it is that at a little over two hours, it tends to tax our patience. Paul Verhoeven (*Robocop*, *Total Recall*) takes a while to get things going, but once he does, it's a wild, roller-coaster ride through a salaciously, psychic hell. Sexy, mesmerizing and lusciously decadent, *Basic Instinct* relies more on the id than the super ego in bestowing its favors and because of that, is something more than the tepid melodrama the critics have labeled it.

A Piece of Sinema

[d] The Mentors (1992)

by Vic Stanley

El Duce - the driving force behind legendary California based "Rape Rockers," The Mentors - is obviously comfortable and secure in the knowledge that he is the most vile, repugnant creature on the face of the earth. In a constant state of drunkenness since the inception of the band in 1976, this grotesque, bloated carcass does not have sufficient brain cells left to spell the word "misogynist," although he does succeed in personifying the term. How anybody so repulsive and troll-like can cop such a fatally condescending attitude toward women is beyond my comprehension, but he does so with aplomb and has achieved a small measure of success. This video is an overview of The Mentors and contains concert footage, music videos, interviews, TV appearances and self-produced films. Accompanied by his partners in audio-visual crime, the oh-so-cleverly named Sickie Wifebeater, Dr. Heathen Scum and newcomer Insect on Acid; Duce leads the viewers through the sonic equivalent of a roller coaster ride through vomit, venereal disease and suppurating sores.

Masked in crudely hacked-out executioner hoods, The Mentors spume a pedestrian brand of ponderous metal sludge which is noteworthy only for its unbelievably sexist lyrics. Typical song titles include: "Suck, Fuck, Cook and Clean," and "The 4F Club" which stands for "Find Her, Feel

Her, Fuck Her, Forget Her." Their vision of female sexual enslavement is exploited to an extreme and makes the likes of Motorhead or even WASP look like volunteers at a battered women's crisis center. In fact, The Mentors were cited as avatars of pornographic rock by Tipper Gore during the PMRC hearings, quite a noteworthy accomplishment being singled out by the Grammy Awards of Filth.

No self-respecting woman would be caught dead within a ten mile radius of this band, although they do attract a loyal female following of haggard-out strippers with bad boob jobs and drug addled, teenaged runaways with a penchant for trading beatings and gang bangs for hits of crack. To be a female Mentors fan is to be on the receiving end of an endless golden shower. To be a male Mentors fan is to receive a sentence of life, a life of endless masturbation - with the Mentors as background music - because by definition a Mentors fan is hopelessly unattractive to all women. The worshipful all male crowd shown at a Minneapolis gig is a perfect illustration of this. These are drunken stumblebums merely seeking camaraderie for their rancid fantasies of sexist glory (which means that at any given Mentors' shows a few *Brutarian* contributors are likely to be present). Duce's stage patter is totally devoid of anything even remotely resembling wit or humor, but he compensates for it with relentless, base obscenities, which the typical Mentors fan eats up being far too idiotic to comprehend anything other than a jackhammer delivery of sexual epithets streaming from a gaping, slobbering mouth of a hateful cretin. Yes, the Mentors fan: a glue-sniffing lemming suffering from syphilitic brain damage.

On another portion of the tape, Duce matches "wits" with right-wing reactionary goon, Wally George (aka Rebecca DeMornay's father) on his comical TV talk show *My America*. Feigning outrage at Duce's pro-rape stance, George demands that the security guards throw the band out of the studio, a fate usually experienced by all of his guests. Which is amusing in and of itself as the typical Wally George audience consists of snivelling UCLA freshmen geeks and geekettes, the latter resembling little girls who, desperate for attention, pull their dresses over their heads. The remaining clips showcase the band's one dimensional tastes in women who, are systematically tormented, abused and subjugated in a variety of ludicrous scenarios.

The Mentors manifest the absolute worst nightmares of NOW. Quite frankly, some of these feminists need people like El Duce to keep them focused since they often go just as far off the deep end with their castrating, militant, man-hating manifestos. The Mentors give the feminists a sub-sect of malehood upon which to concentrate their wrath and rage, although in their crazed, estrogen-induced fervor, they often tend to group all men in this category. Thus, in their own way, radical feminists are just as bad as The Mentors who can at least take credit for being totally devoid of ulterior motive. And they have guts enough not to rely on any sort of hidden agenda like the pain in the ass U2. While The Mentors have absolutely no socially redeeming value, this was never their intent anyway. In their search for an eye catching gimmick, they found one which fit them naturally. These guys really are slime, but they wear it well. Before the politically correct crowd cry foul, they should first acknowledge the fact that just as many people find Sinead O'Connor equally repugnant. Personally, I think The Mentors would make a great opening act for Sinead (Mentor Records, 7325 1/2 Reseda Blvd., #630, Reseda, CA 91335).



SUSS/ALLEN

Reservoir Dogs

(d) Quentin Tarantino (1992)

Reservoir Dogs is the coming out party for a major talent: writer-director Quentin Tarantino, who has fashioned the finest American film since Michael Tolkin's *The Rapture* (1990). Unlike Tolkin, who had toiled in the film business for quite some time before being allowed to write and direct his first film, Tarantino has literally come from left field honing his talents writing unproduced screenplays while working in a video store for five years before producing *Dogs*. So it's something of a shock to find a first effort like this one that is so polished, so well crafted and that so adroitly mixes scatological humor and shocking, brutally visceral violence.

A couple of months from now, when all your friends are talking about *Dogs*, they'll be shouting to make themselves heard about the brutal set pieces and the bravura acting. And they should but let me tell you ahead of time to listen, really listen to the marvelous dialogue which recalls David Mamet at his most fevered, savage pitch. You should also watch the way Tarantino economically shoots and frames a scene; everything and everybody is perfectly placed and the rhythm of the sequences is so assured you feel like you're watching the work of a master like Scorsese or Coppola at the top of their form. But Tarantino never manages to call attention to himself, even when employing something as ostentatious as a three hundred and sixty degree pan shot.

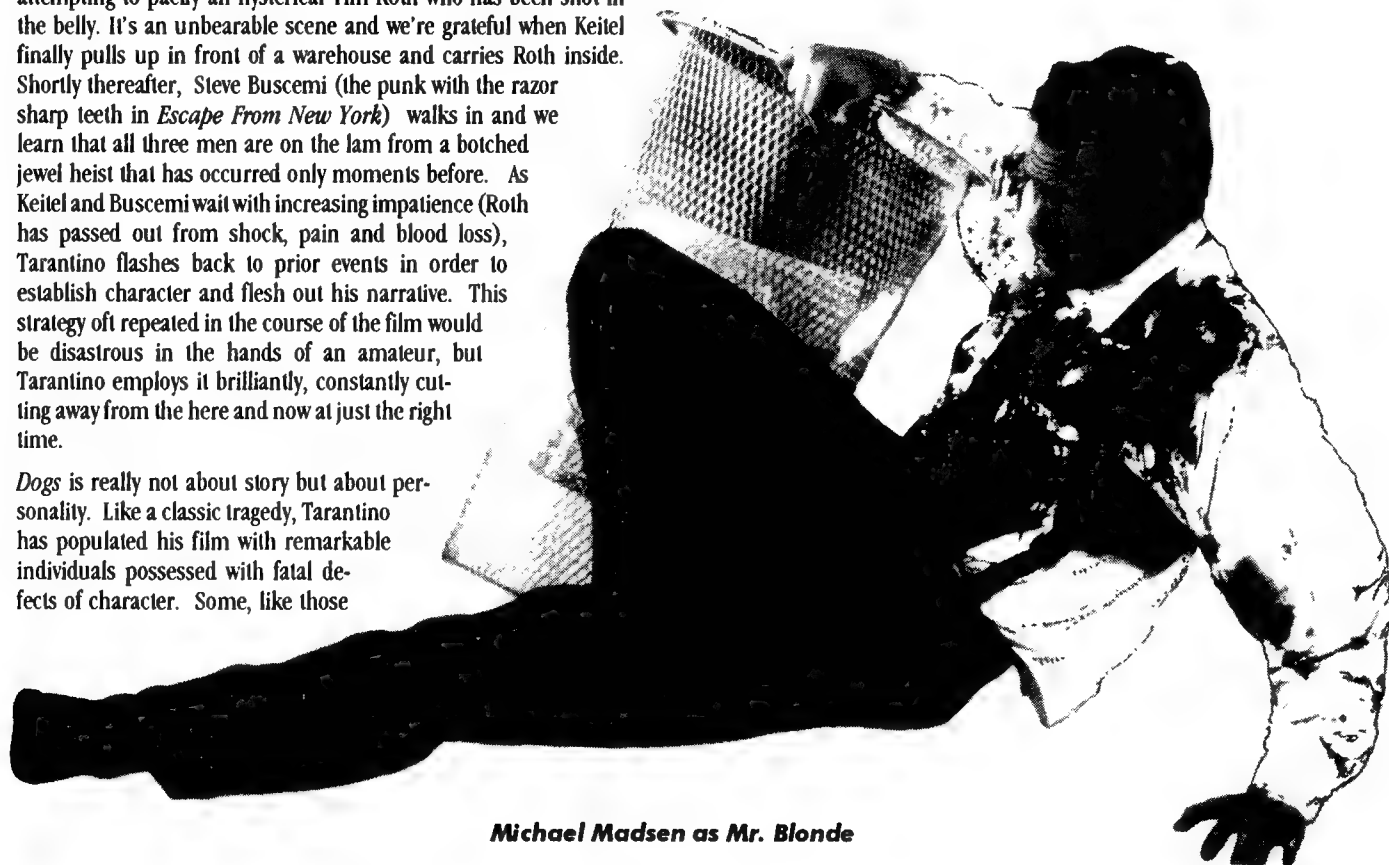
Dogs doesn't have much of a story but its terrifically plotted. After a hilarious pre-credit sequence in a diner where the subtext of Madonna's "Like A Virgin" is kicked around by all the major players (with Tarantino leading the discussion) we are shoved into the bloody interior of a car driven by a stoic Harvey Keitel who is attempting to pacify an hysterical Tim Roth who has been shot in the belly. It's an unbearable scene and we're grateful when Keitel finally pulls up in front of a warehouse and carries Roth inside. Shortly thereafter, Steve Buscemi (the punk with the razor sharp teeth in *Escape From New York*) walks in and we learn that all three men are on the lam from a botched jewel heist that has occurred only moments before. As Keitel and Buscemi wait with increasing impatience (Roth has passed out from shock, pain and blood loss), Tarantino flashes back to prior events in order to establish character and flesh out his narrative. This strategy oft repeated in the course of the film would be disastrous in the hands of an amateur, but Tarantino employs it brilliantly, constantly cutting away from the here and now at just the right time.

Dogs is really not about story but about personality. Like a classic tragedy, Tarantino has populated his film with remarkable individuals possessed with fatal defects of character. Some, like those

of homicidal psychopath Michael Madsen or daddy's boy, Christopher Penn, are obvious from the get go but with others like Keitel and Buscemi, the weakness, the chink in the armor is not apparent until the very end. This is because Tarantino knows how to use dialogue to reveal and to *conceal* character. It's an almost self-conscious "literary" performance, sure, but it works. Can you even remember a film you've seen in the last five years that tries to take such risks? Everything coming out of Hollywood today relies on action and editing, and it's because the writing of dialogue is simply a lost art. You never see sustained meaningful exchanges in thrillers or action-adventure films and in such celebrated adult fare like *Driving Miss Daisy* and *Fried Green Tomatoes* it's little more than clever talk. In *Dogs*, the "talk" is real - scatological, misogynistic, hateful, funny - but real. Real: lived and experienced first hand, not studied or caged from secondary sources.

Much of *Reservoir Dogs* is painful to watch. When you've got characters this fully drawn and they're bleeding, or kicking or shooting each other it's going to be hard for you not to turn your head. "But that's what's cool about it," Tarantino told *Spin* magazine earlier in the year. "I want my violence to hurt. I want it to get under your skin. When Harvey's kicking Steve around, that's how fights are, they're very ungraceful. They're trying to fuck each other up . . . When you do it well and it's effective, it's disturbing. You get to people. They don't like to be disturbed."

Tarantino does get to you and he makes the whole exercise look effortless. This may not be genius but it certainly is, at the very least, prodigious talent. His pending partnership as screenwriter/producer with director John Woo promises to kick ass. Here's hoping Hollywood wises up and starts throwing bagfuls of money at this guy.



Michael Madsen as Mr. Blonde

Army of Darkness

(d) Sam Raimi (1992)

Army of Darkness was supposed to have been released last summer but a dispute over the rights to the sequel to *Silence of the Lambs* between producer Dino de Laurentis and Paramount Pictures found Sam Raimi's picture, for some inexplicable reason, caught in the middle. The argument settled, the flick is now scheduled for a late January release, but Laurentis and company's dissatisfaction with the battle sequence that climaxes the film may push the release date back even further.

Well, we're here to tell you, Dino, that you really don't have to fuck with *Army of Darkness* that much. The rough cut I saw is as engaging and as inventive as anything in *Evil Dead II* which this flick is the supposed sequel to. And the twenty minute battle scene between 14th Century knights and a legion of the undead is a marvel of stop-motion animation, rivaling anything Harryhausen has done and, in all probability, quite a bit better. It's not very dramatic but like the best cartoons - which most of *Army of Darkness* is - it's a helluva lot of fun. I don't know about you but I could sit and watch for hours a clash between armored soldiers and skeletons. Rami could too, so rather than focusing on boring things like battle strategy and deployment of divisions he concentrates on devising imaginative ways to smash, hack and reduce exposed bone to powder.



Army of Darkness

Army of Darkness is not a horror movie; it is far closer in tone and spirit to the goofy and high spirited *Evil Dead II*. And like that seminal film, *Army* is a terrific mixture of slapstick and fast-paced action. Blood maniacs are going to be disappointed though; there's little in the way of grue, Raimi's clearly aiming for the mainstream this time and so has excised much of the mayhem and mutilation from the previous two films in the series. However, the signature camera work - the warp speed, shoe-level tracking, breath-taking traveling shots, herky-jerky camera movements and the disorienting camera angles - as well as the penchant for innovative special effects remain, thus fans of the earlier pictures will most likely not be disappointed.

Raimi has described *Army* as being more story driven than its predecessors but as anyone who has seen *Evil Dead I* and *II* knows, that's not saying much; he's never been too concerned with narrative. And neither is he here; *Army* is merely a sequence of loosely strung together set pieces concluding in an "epic" battle. But everything is so well done, especially the scene in the windmill in which Ash (Bruce Campbell) has to fight a half-dozen or so Lilliputian versions of himself, that all shortcomings are forgiven.

Dick and Jane Drop Acid and Die

(d) Matt Mitler (1992)

Very early in this hilarious satire of high school drug education pseudo-documentaries, the filmmakers let us in on where they're coming from. While a portentous and somewhat fey authority figure solemnly informs us that over two million youngsters have died as a result of ingesting LSD, the camera cuts from our lecturer to pan across a number of tombstones until it comes to rest on one that is marked simply: Da Da. But even had the makers of *Dick and Jane* chosen not to tip their hand, it would be virtually impossible to fail to notice the spirit of Tristan Tzara and Marcel Janco at work here: the reliance on childish overstatement, playful experimentalism (especially in the swirling, vertiginous camera-work) and disdainful absurdity make it joyously obvious that like the Dadaists, the filmmakers are playing at making a film, are parodying hip underground satires, and most importantly, are primarily amusing themselves. Yet unlike most made-on-a-shoestring underground films, *Dick and Jane*, though containing much gross exaggeration, has the feel of a shared experience, of an alternative reality, and this gives much of the parody real bite: the colors, the tinny, overblown psychedelic music, the moronic esprit de corps style dialogue, the garish but dilapidated furnishings, all risible but never really ringing totally false. In other words, the imaginations behind this thing have obviously taken hundreds of acid trips but have emerged with their minds and senses of humor intact. There isn't much of a story - square students Dick and Jane are seduced into joining a hippie cult that wants to turn the couple into "acid addicts" - but believe me, with this flick, you don't need one. Each sequence works so efficaciously as a send up of a conservative misconception about acid that any attempt to link them would only spoil their effect. (Surf Reality Ltd., PO Box 20708, Tompkins Square, NY, NY 10009-8974.)



Invasion of the Blood Farmers

(d) Ed Adlum (1972)

In my never ending search for the worst film ever made I have stumbled upon some remarkable audacities but to be quite honest, I don't think I've ever, or will ever, see anything as fulsome, as abominable, as wretchedly and determinedly banal as *Invasion of the Blood Farmers*. Yes, yes, I've seen all of Larry Zontar: *Thing From Venus* Buchanan's films and all of Andy *Bloodthirsty Butchers* Milligan's flicks, but nothing, not even the Robbie Benson directed and scripted *Modern Love* generates the unrelenting, mind-numbing ennui of *Blood Farmers*.

I remember seeing this flick in a rundown Brooklyn movie palace as a young whippersnapper and even then asking myself, "Is it possible, humanly possible, to make a film this cretinously monotonous?" Now, some twenty odd years and tens of thousands of viewing hours later, I can say, after recently screening the film, that the answer to my aforementioned question is, without a doubt: NO! And this comes virtually on the heels of a viewing of Sylvester Stallone's - well, John Landis directed but it was a Stallone vehicle - torpid, period comedy, *Oscar*.

Invasion of the Blood Farmers is not an abomination merely because it is so poorly made. At a cost of a mere \$40,000, it was supposed to be poorly made. Besides how many atrociously wrought films have provided you with hours of repeated viewing pleasure because of their inadvertent humor. Ridiculous story lines, inane plotting, wildly amateurish directing, somnambulant acting, dialogue bordering on non sequitur: all of this to be found in abundance in the works of Ed Wood, Richard Cunha and a host of lesser lights. But however you wish to describe the works of the aforementioned auteurs, the one word you cannot use is "boring." Inept and moronic certainly but never boring. What separates *Blood Farmers* from say, *Glen or Glenda* or *The Incredible Transplant* is that it is virtually unwatchable on any level. There is nothing, I repeat, nothing that will hold even the most indiscriminating viewer's attention: no story really, no performances of any note (the actors speak but disinterestedly as if they were returning change at a toll booth), nothing interestingly primitive or inadvertently risible in the way of camera work or direction, no attempt to create atmosphere of any kind and dialogue that never rises above the level of interchange at a supermarket check-out line. A premise of sorts does exist - vampiric druids touch down in upstate New York looking for a blood host for their queen - but a premise does not a story make. To have a "story," something has to "happen." When all is said and done, you have to be able to say to yourself, "Well, this happened and it lead to this which in turn caused that and . . ." But there is no cause and effect here, *Blood Farmers* starts and then eighty minutes later it ends. The film could have ended after twenty minutes or five for that matter since plotting is virtually nonexistent and the whole thing, therefore, practically incomprehensible, but if *Blood Farmers* were any shorter it never would have been released and I wouldn't have been writing about it so entertainingly so I guess

we should be thankful for small favors. (But am I writing about it? Does *Invasion of the Blood Farmers* actually exist? Or did I just dream I saw it?)

With the absence of plot and story, dialogue becomes trite, meaningless: sounds made in a vacuum. The filmmakers attempt to interject some humor in these dreary proceedings by casting effeminate men in the lead roles but again because the dialogue never rises above the level of ordinary, monosyllabic discourse, there is nothing at which to laugh. Normally, watching the head druid, Creton (I get the joke but it's not funny), outrageously camping it up would be hilarious but I found myself unable to laugh at lines like, "We must get the key," or "The eleventh hour is approaching, we must find a blood host." Because there was no context in which to place these lines, no point of reference, Creton might as well have been speaking in Estonian for all the good it did. When everything is this meaningless, this vapid, it becomes impossible to react - much less laugh - in any way.

I did make it all the way through the flick - glossy eyed and drooling long before the final reel - an impossible feat when confronted with the films of current cult favorite, Jess Franco, so I suppose there must be something of redeeming value in *Blood Farmers*, something so dreadful that its very awfulness makes it invaluable in some way. Perhaps this is the reason - I have racked my brain and discovered no other - that I find myself in possession of a rental copy of the only other film with which Mr. Adlum was associated: *Sbriek of the Mutilated*. Directed by Michael Findlay, of *Snuff* fame, it concerns Yetis and cannibalism. Why do I feel myself inexorably compelled to watch it?



Invasion Of The Blood Farmers



Frankenstein And The Monster From Hell

You've Made Your Bed . . . Now Die In it

(d) Richard Baylor (1991)

Richard Baylor claims membership in the Cinema of Transgression movement, a loose confederation of artists which includes Nick Zed, Richard Kern and Beth B. This doesn't mean shit to me and I bet it means even less to you. So forget about it, I was just showing off. What I really want to tell you is that this guy Richard Baylor is a talented experimental filmmaker and that *Bed* is a collection of three disturbing but hauntingly beautiful short films. The first of these, *Thoughts From White Walls*, is the most fascinating and the most unconventional. More a surreal nightmare than a narrative, *Walls* presents us with a young motorcyclist who finds himself constantly awaking in a barren white room in the midst of dreaming either about running over a baby, being raped while in a comatose state by the baby's mother or being beaten to death by her after she climaxes. Marvelously edited and shot, with an eerie and hypnotic industrial threnody courtesy of a band calling itself White Slug, *Walls* is a sojourn into the nacreous incandescence of Death's dream kingdom. *Dum Dum*, the second short, is the most conventional of these pieces focusing as it does on the hoary theme of reality versus fantasy. Here Baylor charts the disintegration of a young aesthete as he breaks up with his girlfriend and turns to a mannequin for solace. In the hands of most non-professionals this would have been a total bore, but Baylor fills it with a number of arresting scenes and amazingly, has us hoping against hope that the fetching wench the crazed man sees in place of the dummy is actually a living, breathing woman. The final piece, *Good Things Happen To Those Who Love The Lord*, is the weakest. It concerns a priest who stalks a duo of prostitutes and is stabbed to death for his pains. Along the way he sees his mother and later imagines his whores bound and kneeling while he takes out his penis. Derivative and silly, *Good Things* nevertheless fascinates by virtue of its purposelessness. But then that's the point of anything that clearly announces itself as avant-garde. C'est vrai? (Rick Baylor, PSC 41, Box 2235, APO AE 09464, USA.)

Frankenstein and the Monster From Hell

(d) Terence Fisher (1973)

by Randy Palmer

If you're at all familiar with Hammer's *Frankenstein* film series, you know that the company's first foray into Frankenfun took place in 1956 (*The Curse Of Frankenstein*) and brought Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee into the gorefront of horror. Redoubtable Hammer director Terence Fisher helmed *Curse* and its 1958 sequel, *The Revenge of Frankenstein*, as well as *Frankenstein Created Woman*, *Frankenstein Must Be Destroyed* and this, the final entry.

Obviously, Fisher knew by now how to play the Baronian legend. So did the picture's star, Peter Cushing. These two factors alone would make the film worth watching, but when you factor in a pretty neat John Elder (Hammer producer Anthony Hinds) screenplay, Hammer's Frankensteinian swan song takes on an ever greater luster. Too bad Paramount Home Video has fucked it all up.

Ysee, *Frankenstein and The Monster From Hell* has suffered more slices and splices than any of the Baron's numerous creations. It's actually missing gory footage that regularly shows up on television whenever USA Cable runs the film (usually on Saturday afternoons). Some Paramount dimwit either decided to exorcise the pic's gruesomest goodies . . . or didn't know (or worse yet, didn't care) that the print s/he was working from was incomplete.

What's left of this 1973 Hammer gem? Well, Baron F., posing as the doctor in charge of a 19th Century "asylum for the criminally insane," is choosing bits and pieces of the inmates to stitch together another "creationist" attempt at Life. And if the inmates don't die so he can nab their hearts-n-parts, why, he just helps 'em along! Dr. Helder, arrested and committed to the selfsame asylum for practicing "sorcery" (actually he was working from *Frankenstein's* published manuscripts) befriends the Baron but comes to realize how egocentricity has made the doc more of a monster than any of his botched creations. The resulting fiend (this time looking like nothing so much as a Neolithic golem) possesses the brain of a mad mathematical genius, which, in turn, raises the interesting question of how a captive brain relates to its new body under such trying circumstances. Unfortunately, the brain degenerates as the body begins to undergo tissue rejection and finally sinks into the quicksand of mental illness from which it never recovers. In the gut-wrenching finale, the asylum's inmates literally tear the monster apart leaving *Frankenstein* to speculate about where he went wrong and how he can fix the problem . . . next time.

Hammer made *Frankenstein and The Monster From Hell* during the decline of British cinema in the early seventies so the film never got the attention it deserved, even with a major Stateside release courtesy of Paramount Pictures. Its gained more notoriety since it appeared on the USA network several years ago. Unfortunately, the original 1974 American theatrical version was missing some ultra-gory footage clipped from the British release print in the first place, and even more cuts were made before it played on USA cable. Now, with Paramount's further emasculation, not much is left of director-Fisher's original vision. My recommendation: see the film, but see it on USA where it's at least a *little* more complete than Paramount's "G"-rated video version. Incidentally, *Frankenstein and The Monster From Hell* was rated "R" when first released in the U.S. I doubt the MPAA would award it anything less than an "X" if it were made today with the same amount of blood and gore. And can you believe that some people think this is progress?

(d) Francis Ford Coppola (1992)

Noted film scholar and historian, David Thomson once observed that it was a contradiction in terms to claim that a bad film was beautifully photographed. The idea being, I suppose, that photography is such an integral part of the completed work that they are inseparable; ergo, if a film is a failure then so, almost by definition, must be the photography. Francis Ford Coppola's *Dracula* raises the ante a bit by asking us whether a film which is a cinematic marvel, a triumph of art direction and costume design can nevertheless be betrayed by a muddled narrative.

Or is this even the proper question to ask when discussing a horror film? Certainly such visionary genre directors as Mario Bava, Dario Argento and to a lesser extent Brian de Palma, would consider such question bad form and probably even irrelevant. But to say that Coppola's is the finest *Dracula* ever to darken the screen begs any and all questions. *Nosferatu* (1922), despite its many haunting images, has dated badly; Herzog's 1979 remake is a bore; and Tod Browning's 1931 version with Bela Lugosi relies far too much on the creaky stage vehicle from which it was adapted as does John Badham's languorous 1979 effort. Terence Fisher's celebrated and much overrated, *Horror of Dracula* (1958) features a fine, aristocratic performance from Christopher Lee but little else to hold our interest. Camp efforts such as the Warhol/Morrissey farce or *Blackula* require no comment.

If the criteria for a film's greatness requires, like that of the novel, an intricate but orderly structure, effective details of characterization, the profundity of themes, the beauty and compelling power of the imagery, symbolism and allusions employed and the capacity of the setting and atmosphere to evoke mood, place or emotion, then Coppola's film is a failure. The few themes present are fitfully explored; there is little in the way of symbolism and the imagery alludes to nothing really, it is mere decoration. Thus, there is no meat to the film, Coppola's *Dracula* is a faithful adaptation devoid of anything literary, of anything profound. And narratively speaking, the picture is practically - if you'll pardon the pun - moribund; there is nothing that is going to put you on the edge of your seat in anticipation of what may or may not come next. Moreover, the rhythm of the film is wrong, scenes that should be longer are far too short and many, especially those with Winona Ryder sans Oldman, go on far too long. Coppola also fails to sustain the momentum he establishes in the first fifty minutes or so of the film. Once Jonathan Harker (Keanu Reeves) escapes from Dracula's castle and hits London, it's all downhill with the last twenty minutes leading to a denouement so disappointing that you're likely to find yourself shaking your head in disbelief. It's as if Coppola, realizing he already had two hours of finished product in the can, turned and said to his crew, "Hey, let's wrap this thing up as cheaply and quickly as we can."

And though it may be partly the fault of the script, the leading characters, with the exception of Gary Oldman's Dracula are little more than ciphers. But this is not to slight some of the performances. Oldman, not to mince words, is simply amazing. Whether playing a four hundred year old man whose hairstyle and visage bear an uncanny resemblance to that of the eerily female vampire in Dreyer's *Vampyr* or a dashing young count, he masterfully straddles the line separating charm and menace, brutality and civility, madness and sanity. Anthony Hopkins wrestles mightily with a role that requires him to do little more than mug and brings off a few laughs. In smaller roles, Tom Waits as the wigged out Renfield is engagingly disgusting and Sadie Frost who is Dracula's first English victim is suitably lubricious. Unfortunately, these charismatic performances are more than counterbalanced by the work of the atrocious Keanu

Reeves and Winona Ryder. A contemporary Frankie and Annette, these febes are little more than insensate masks and were obviously hired by Coppola to add a fetching prettiness to his tableau.

But for all of *Dracula*'s weaknesses - and as already indicated, there are many - I don't think Coppola's film can be adjudged a failure nor do I believe that most people who see it will think so either. In fact, if you consider the picture on its own terms it succeeds almost in spite of its obvious flaws. This is because Coppola, in a rather faithful attempt to adapt his source material has made a silk purse out of a sow's ear. The sow's ear being the stolid and uninvolved source material to which Coppola pretty faithfully adheres, i.e., Bram Stoker's novel and the original stage adaptation of it. The magical embroidery used to effect the transformation consists primarily of the artistry of his cameramen and production staff and the purloined bits from the directors of other vampire movies, e.g., Browning, Murnau, Dreyer, Herzog. Or to be less stodgy about it, Coppola has taken a piece of garbage and made something very watchable out of it. And what I mean by watchable, is something that the average viewer will turn to again and again. Return to it only for the first couple of reels - Oldman as young warrior Vlad Tepes (with a bow to Eisenstein) and as withered and ancient inhabitant of decaying Castle Dracula playing mind games with Jonathan Harker - because they are fifty of the greatest minutes in the history of horror. And even if the last ninety minutes don't come close to matching what preceded it there is much that is memorable: Coppola shooting London street scenes in a disjointed, oscillating style in homage to Lumiere whose early work on the cinematographe Coppola cleverly juxtaposes with a seduction scene involving Oldman and Ryder; the interiors of Lucy's (Sadie Frost) house which have been ravishingly lit and furnished to resemble a Burne Jones' painting; the rape of Lucy amidst pools of incandescent blue mist by a Dracula transformed into a Goya-like beast, and of course, Hopkins' histrionically insouciant turn. There are at least a half-dozen more things I could mention had I the space but I think, to be fair, that you should discover them for yourself. *Dracula* may not be as rich or as rewarding as a great novel, but it's a helluva lot more interesting than Bram Stoker's book and its got enough cinematic magic in it for a dozen movies.



Gary Oldman as Dracula

Best of Korla Pandit

(d) Various (1992)

I remember clouds. Clouds parting to reveal a fabulous, luminous jewel transmogrifying into eyes. Eyes from the Emerald Beyond. Then a sound. The sound of thunder, that was not thunder. And it said: TONE DOWN, TUNE IN AND RELAX. There was darkness for a moment and then I was in the presence of a strange looking man wearing a jeweled turban, heavy mascara, Indian vestments and a coy smile. He brought his exquisitely shaped hands down near his lap and suddenly I was bathed in soothing, banal music. Music that also spoke. And it said: GIVE, SYMPATHIZE, CONTROL. And I did. And it brought peace, the peace which passeth understanding.

Two years or more before Liberace hit television, there was New Delhi born Korla Pandit sending out his whacky, daily half hour music show (two hours on Sunday afternoon when there was no Sunday afternoon TV) over LA's airwaves. It was a simple format. Korla would play this wiggled out keyboard music backed by exotic percussion while intercutting travelogue footage and mildly sententious, pseudo-mystical narration. What made it work, and what makes it work today, was the fabulously and quietly florid compositions of Mr. Pandit. Call it suburban primitive, music designed to suggest to the anesthetized ears of the bourgeoisie, foreign glamour, mystic philosophy, fantastic and remote lands. In other words, cheesy music for cheesy people, compositions so relentlessly lowbrow as to be almost preternaturally stupid, almost . . . sublime. Anyway, how could you not enjoy cornball stuff with titles like, "The Breeze And I," and "Tale of the Underwater Worshipers," juxtaposed with footage of Tahitian pearl divers and meditating Indian

mystics? Korla never spoke on the air. He never felt he had to. "From the very start I was speaking that Universal Language of Music," Mr. Pandit explained to LA writer Leo Gavallere. "It's something that goes beyond all borders, languages, and man-made-barriers. Sound and harmonic vibration are among the most powerful forces in the Universe. I never spoke, yet I receive letters from around the world that communicated exactly what was on my mind."

So in a certain sense, Korla possesses God-like powers. You notice I didn't use the word "believes." This is because I "believe" Korla is some kind of super being. Maybe even a lesser God, a twentieth-century Apollo if you will. It's not that far fetched. Hey! This is the guy that composed the music for the *Beany and Cecil* cartoon show. And you know whose favorite show that was? That's right, the person most educated people think was AT LEAST as bright as God: Albert Einstein! Coincidence? I think not. (\$14.95 from Videosonic Arts c/o Mike Cooper, 11225 Magnolia Blvd, #200, North Hollywood, CA 91601.)

Innocent Blood

(d) John Landis (1992)

by Randy Palmer

The bottom line is simply this: John Landis has done better. That's not saying that *Innocent Blood* isn't a good movie, just that it could have been better. Much better.

Think back to 1983 and *Twilight Zone: The Movie*. Remember Landis' segment, where Vic Morrow is zoned away to a parallel reality 'Nam and rescues a couple of VC kidz? That could've been better, too, but Landis had a spot of difficulty when the chopper crashed, decapitating Morrow and slicing up one of the kids as well. Landis had no such accidents filming *Innocent Blood* - at least none we're aware of - so that's not a factor in determining the cause of the film's antiseptic mediocrity.

Must be the script. Got a mediocre script, you end up with a mediocre movie. (Well, most of the time.) Nothing much happens in *Innocent Blood*. We follow the sanguinary social sexploits of a sexy female vamp who is conscientiously searching out the city's bad guys on which to suck. (Who's going to bemoan the disappearance of a hoodlum or three in the Big City, except a brother hoodlum?) When our vamp fangs low-life underworld mobster, Sal the Snake (Robert Loggia), Landis switches gears, setting his sights on Loggia's character for the remainder of the film.

This change of focus doesn't do much for the viewer, or the story, and it's difficult to imagine what Landis' intentions were. Loggia is good as the world's slimiest slimeball vampire, but the story line never gets up to speed. Sal initiates his bad-time buddies into the vampire's circle, and one by one they're done in by the vamp, whose only motive appears to be that she doesn't want any competition when it comes to sanguinary snacks. By the way, don't look for any Hammeresque touches like wooden stakes and silver crucifixes. There aren't any in *Innocent Blood*. The vampires are destroyed with swift, bloodless twists o' the neck - a very uncinematic cinema first.

Innocent Blood is mildly entertaining, but that's about as far as it goes. If you want to see a really good vampire chiller (with emphasis on the chills), catch *Near Dark*, which has been available on video for quite some time.



Brain Dead

(d) Peter Jackson (1992)

This is only Peter Jackson's third film but as I plopped it into the VCR and settled back into my favorite easy chair with a six pack of Pilsner Urquell I thought to myself, "How the hell is this guy going to top his first two films?" *Bad Taste*, Jackson's first feature, was one of the goriest (and funniest) things I've ever seen, a science-fiction-horror flick about vomit munching intergalactic cannibals. Jackson's sophomore effort was more polished but no less vile, concerning as it did a theatrical troupe of erotomaniacal mutant muppets who, when they weren't indiscriminantly humping, killed time between performances by mutilating and tearing each other apart. So you see, I approached *Brain Dead* with a certain amount of skepticism.

Well, I'm happy to report that two days after watching this film, my brain is still reeling. Jackson has indeed topped himself, topped himself with a zombie parody that is so filled with gore and grue that it makes a slaughterhouse look like Felix Unger's living room by comparison. Oh, it is also a laugh-a-minute (maybe second) riot.

Jackson's splatter comedy is, at its heart, a cautionary tale about the dangers inherent in loving your mommy a little too much. Loving her even when she surreptitiously follows you on your first date and causes a scene by being bitten by a rat monkey (don't ask). Loving her even when afterwards she turns into a drooling, rotting, man-eating living corpse that infects everyone she touches. Loving her even when you have to get rid of her and she simply won't stay buried.

No, none of this really bothers our little momma's boy. Well, it does but ever the dutiful son, he tries to hide all the damage his mother has created by hiding the newly undead along with his mommy in the basement of his spacious Victorian mansion. Of course this only serves to make things worse and in almost no time at all the whole house is crawling with zombies - and believe me this is a BIG house - before our milksop finally gets on the stick and decides to dispatch the walking corpses in a slam bang finish that takes over twenty grisly minutes.

I don't think I'd be going out on too thin a limb if I told you that this was easily the goriest film ever made, taking pictures like *Re-Animator* and *Evil Dead* as jumping off points. But *Brain Dead* is more than just a festival of gore. Jackson has written an inventive and imaginative screenplay and filled it with hysterical and unforgettable set pieces: a battle in a cemetery between a number of leather-jacketed zombie punks and a kung-fu fighting priest; a zombie baby who gets loose from its metal enclosed perambulator and runs amuck in a children's playground before being violently subdued; a memorial service to end all memorial services; and much more.

The special effects while obviously phony are marvels of invention; Jackson allows his zombies and their body parts to be stretched, hacked and pulled apart and still scurry, crawl and hobble around to menace the living. The climactic battle is terrifically edited, cleverly shot and imaginatively conceived; no matter that a couple of dozen zombies are sliced, diced, trashed and slashed, none of the undead ever seems to get his or hers in quite the same way.

Brain Dead wants to get under your skin but only to tickle your funny bone. It's a gross out delivered with a giggle and only the most puritanical souls will fail to respond with shouts of misanthropic laughter. Needless to say, gorehounds will find themselves in seventh heaven. Or is that the seventh circle of Hell? (*Brain Dead* is scheduled for theatrical release in the US in the summer of 1993.)

Black Rain

(d) Shohei Imamura (1989)

by Ernie Santilli

Not to be confused with the Ridley Scott/Michael Douglas actioner of the same name and year, *this* is the superior *Black Rain* that played in smaller venues - which says a lot about the taste of the average movie-goer.

Imamura's feature follows the lives of a couple on the outskirts of Hiroshima and their niece who was boating on a nearby river the day the Enola Gay dropped its atomic bomb on the city. Because none of the trio suffer physical damage as a result of the explosion - or so it seems - they are able to make their way out of the city to a town where the man's employer has a factory.

The story jumps ahead a few years to illustrate the tragic after-effects on the threesome and fellow refugees. Radiation sickness has claimed many lives and touched those of the trio. The couple have grown weak, with the aunt in particular suffering a series of bouts with delusion-inducing fevers. Sadder still, the younger woman's dreams of marriage are constantly dashed; suitors shy away when they learn she was in Hiroshima for fear she has been sterilized by the fallout.

Imamura tells his story of innocent victims without resorting to bathos, preaching, sensationalism or metaphor, and that's why it works. By remaining objective, the director leaves the viewer with the impression he or she is getting an honest, unembellished account of the period's events. As a result, the chilling flashback images of Hiroshima - a blind man falling out of a window, a hysterical woman cradling her charred baby, a schoolboy whose skin is so altered his brother does not recognize him - are extremely effective; there is no reason to doubt they are anything but authentic.

The black-and-white cinematography perfectly reflects the somber, gray mood of the picture. It also gives the movie a late forties look, further enhancing the illusion that one is watching a true story unfold rather than modern actors presenting a screenplay. In fact, if the film stock was grainy and washed out, certain scenes would border on *cinema verite*.

Black Rain is available in the letterbox format with high contrast yellow subtitles. Renter forewarning: take it from a former vid store manager, there is a very good chance your clerk will give you a cassette with a Paramount label. That is the WRONG ONE. Be sure to check the tape before leaving the store.



Brain Dead

(d) various directors

by Randy Palmer

When it comes to home video, Black Sabbath has been severely under-represented. Until recently there was just a single video release, *Black Sabbath Live - 1978*, which went out of print shortly after its release in the early 1980s.

Now Warner/Reprise has given us *The Black Sabbath Story Vol. 1, 1970-1978*, a sixty-minute compilation of way cool video stuff from the Ozzy years. Although the subtitle suggests there is a Vol. 2 on its way, WB has no release date determined as yet.

This is a wonderful lesson in Sabbath history, bound to delight the band's general fans as well as hard-core BS fanatics like myself. Of the ten musical numbers included, at least half consist of rare (in some instances, never-before-seen - at least in the U.S.) archive footage. "N.I.B." is first up, followed by an unexpected lip-sync version of the 1970 hit, "Paranoid," followed by a truly special treat: a live version of "War Pigs" recorded before the studio album was released. The lyrics in this version (written by bassist Geezer Butler, crooned by flatliner Ozzy Osbourne) are almost totally different from the studio LP version!

The band's transition from playing small gigs to dominating the "big time" is stunningly evidenced with the heaviest rendition of "Children of the Grave" I have ever heard! This highlight of Sabbath's appearance at the legendary California Jam in 1974 demonstrates just how profound audience identification with the band was at this point in time. It's awesome to watch a crowd some 300,000 strong wave their arms in unison, answering to Ozzy's double-fisted peace-sign greeting.

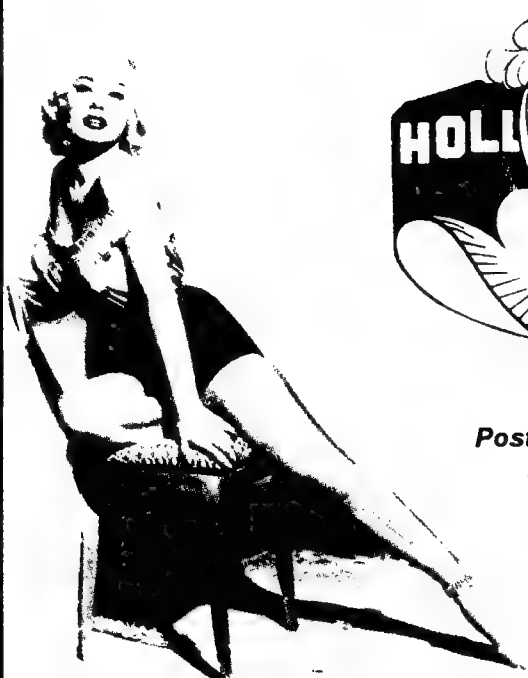
There are killer versions of "Snowblind" and "Symptom of the Universe" included, plus an early "conceptual video" for the title track from Sabbath Bloody Sabbath (which the producers of the video cite as "Sabbath's finest hour," although I strongly disagree). There is also a lip-synch version of a ballad from 1976's Technical Ecstasy album, "It's Alright," sung by drummer Bill Ward, and though I've always disliked this number - and while the video doesn't make me enjoy it any more - I do appreciate Warner/Reprise including obscurities like this when it would have been easier (and commercially safer) to substitute another Sabbath standard like "Iron Man" or "Sweet Leaf."

Lastly there's a lip-synch version of "Never Say Die," the title track from the 1978 LP of the same name (the last album with Ozzy; Ronnie James Dio would take over the vocal slot with Sabbath's next release, Heaven & Hell). This is yet another rarity: Sabbath's appearance on *Top of the Pops*, the British TV equivalent of our own *American Bandstand*. Watching an obvious studio audience attempt to dance to Black Sabbath provides a chuckle or two, believe me!

And speaking of chuckles . . . this video also features interviews with Geezer Butler and guitarist Tony Iommi (taped during rehearsals for Sabbath's newest album, Dehumanizer), and both tell some terribly funny stories about themselves. I laughed loudest when I heard Geezer describe Tony's attempt to perform a flute solo onstage during a mid-70s gig, but the tales about "haunted dungeons" (where the band used to rehearse!) and Ozzy's altercation with an acid-crazed bully in the front row of a Swedish gig are likewise pure gold.

It's stuff like this that makes this \$19.95 video released all the more enjoyable. Let's hope WB hurries up production of Part 2!

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Subscribers have been inundating us with letters asking us why we review so few contemporary sleaze films. Well, the answer is quite simple: most of these flicks suck dead donkey dicks. Besides, we have better things to do with our time, e.g., fuck, read, travel, converse, write, listen to music, exercise, than to fitfully doze in front of our TV sets attempting to slog through such audacities as *Critters XII* or the most recently exhumed exploitation flick. However, since you, gentle reader, have demanded it - and in a last, desperate effort to win over fans of the dreadfully written *Psychotronic* magazine and the erratically published *Core Gazette* newsletter - we herewith present: *Six Pack Theatre*, a column of short yet erudite and savagely witty critiques of trashy flicks that in better days would have headlined triple bills at drive-in theatres but today are lucky to grace the dollar rental shelves at your local video parlor. Our ratings are based on what we believe the quintessential quiff to would quaff during the standard ninety-minute running time, one can signifying dreck of the lowest kind, while at the other end of the spectrum, a full six-pack denoting a treasure beyond compare and one quite likely to have the viewer on the edge of his ratty La-Z-Boy downing brews at an alarming rate in an effort to offset the adrenaline rush and onanistic urges generated by a screening. Some, of course, will quibble with our decision to utilize a mere six-pack as a symbol of masterful cinematic achievement and in the interests of realism, we could have chosen a case of beer or a fifth of scotch as a more efficacious exemplar of excellence but really, anyone who is capable of drinking a case of beer or a fifth of anything in ninety minutes is living in their own film and will probably watch anything no matter what we or anyone else have to say about it. And we're tired of being tagged as immoral, slipperily hateful, moronic, etc.; we don't need to have "alcoholic" added to the anti-*Brutarian* laundry list of grievances. Oh yes, our beers of choice, we almost forgot. Listen, we never pay more than three dollars a six-pack and neither should you. There's plenty of good three dollar and under brewskis out there. Might we suggest, to enhance your viewing pleasure: Olympia, Black Label or National Bo. They're delicious, quite filling and very manly beverages.

SIX PACK THEATRE BY OZZY FIDE



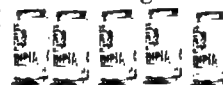
UNIVERSAL SOLDIER - (d) Roland Emmerich (1992): Unbelievably silly but fitfully entertaining take on *Robocop* orchestrated by relatively unknown (*Moon 44*) West German director. Jean-Claude Van Damme (whose Belgian accent is explained away this time by having him come from Louisiana but without a banjo on his knee) and Dolph Lundgren star as two dead Vietnam vets brought back to life as soulless automations for an experimental, U.S. government commando unit. Unfortunately for the feds, Lundgren and Damme, who were bitter enemies and killed each other in Nam, recognize one another and so are shocked back into consciousness, beginning their battle anew. Girls will get a kick out of watching Dolph shed his shirt at every opportunity and in watching Jean-Claude upstage him by doffing every stitch of clothing at *almost* every opportunity. Guys, well you'll have to settle for some poorly staged fight scenes and lots of things blowing up since love interest Ally Walker - in a performance that's about as enjoyable as listening to nails being scraped across a blackboard - doesn't even strip the polish from *her* nails.



POISON IVY - (d) Katt Shea Rubin (1992): Former pre-pubescent alcoholic, Drew Barrymore, stars in this rapid, plodding "psychological" thriller as a teenage femme fatale who worms her way into a dysfunctional family headed by Tom Skerit. Containing little psychology and absolutely no thrills to speak of, director Rubin (*Stripped To Kill*) squanders her sole asset, the now lusciously nubile Drew, by refusing to allow her to take off even her brassiere. And why Skerit would even be drawn to Drew when he has Cheryl Ladd languorously rolling around in satin sheets and sucking on an oxygen mask (okay she's suffering from hypochondria but she still looks terrific) is beyond me. Critics fell all over themselves trying to outdo one another with urbane hosannas for this dreadful flick but I know, just know, they were only reviewing the trailer.



MANIAC COP 3 - (d) William Lustig (1992): Lustig takes a bare bones script from Larry Cohen which eschews virtually all meaningful dialogue and builds a vile, vicious, violent, vertiginous vehicle. You may or may not remember, that last time out, our grotesquely disfigured hero was burned to a crisp while running wild in a maximum security prison. Well, that doesn't deter a voodoo priest from raising the new centurion from the dead and unleashing him on New York City. In the course of his violent reign of terror, the crazed cop falls in love with a beautiful, brain-dead copette and after numerous, graphic blood-lettings, the whole shebang ends with an incredible car chase between Robert Davi (who somehow manages to keep a straight face throughout the proceedings - now that's acting) and the love sick bluecoat who somehow manages to adroitly maneuver his mobile even though he is completely ablaze!



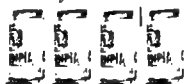
BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER - (d) Franz Kuzui (1992): Oh, you're going to hate this one: a horror-comedy about a valley girl who is really the reincarnation of a twelve hundred year old Magyar vampire killer containing no nudity, blood-letting, or graphic depictions of mayhem and which manages to squander the considerable talents of Rutger Hauer and Donald Sutherland. So why does this cretinous flick get two cans? For giving gainful employment to Paul (Pee Wee Herman) Rubens and because the dolt playing Buffy is a total babe. If the cowardly producers had gone for the adult audience rather than the children's market and allowed Buffy to doff her danskins and mouth a few obscenities, *Vampire Slayer* might have been worth the purchase of a six pack.



GODZILLA VS. BILLONATE - (d) Kuzaki Ohmori (1992): What do you get when you cross Godzilla, a hardy strain of wheat and a cactus plant? Give up? Ah, you pussy! You get a giant, killer rose bush. Actually, a giant, FEMALE,



killer rose bush with a vagina dentata. So it's a pretty tough rose bush and it gets in some great shots before Godzilla . . . What do you mean, "snide"? Of course I'm being snide. Don't ask me to posit even the possibility of the excellence of both Godzilla movies and Shakespeare in an orderly universe. Unless I'm drunk which is the state I'm always in when I watch Godzilla flicks.



KUNG FU RASCALS - (d) Steve Wang (1992): Atrocious chop-schlocky comedy centering on the adventures of a trio of dimwitted Chinese thieves and their efforts to elude both the law and some goofy demons. A number of "hip" publications are touting this as the next big cult hit. I'm not. The comic bits are so moronic they make the Ninja Mutant Turtle flicks look like the work of Preston Sturges and the fight scenes are no better than the average Saturday morning cartoon fare.



DIARY OF A HITMAN - (d) Roy London (1991): Forest Whitaker doing his best impression of a swollen, bloated bag of shit, his eyes obscene pinholes eclipsed by globs of ill-formed flesh, stumbles aimlessly thru this pointless exercise in self-hatred for no apparent reason and to no discernable end. The assistance of Sherilyn Fenn, Sharon Stone and Jim Belushi does nothing to alleviate the mind-numbing boredom liberally ladeled out by Kenneth Pressman who has penned a preposterously self-important, unamusing and witless screenplay masquerading as surrealist, post-Sartrean noir with a heart of gold.

The cinematic equivalent of a home lobotomy.



LUST FOR FREEDOM - (d) Eric Louzil (1992): Undercover police-woman goes to pieces during an illegal arms bust after watching her undercover boyfriend get his brains blown out. "Cops were dying all over the place and all I could do was act like a woman. I knew my days as a cop were over." Embracing this epiphanic moment, the policewoman drives off in her Datsun, tooling aimlessly for days until fate places her in the custody of the Georgia County Sheriff's Department ("I couldn't say where it was, somewhere near the border of California and Mexico. But it sure wasn't Georgia.") You'd think once the gates of the local women's correctional facility closed behind our heroine, *Lust For Freedom* would discover its puerile (but entertaining) raison d'être, but no such luck. What follows is unimaginative melodrama *lightly* sprinkled with gratuitous "R" rated nudity. It becomes readily apparent that the *cretins* who produced, directed and scripted this flacid exercise have never had a good laugh, a hard-on or an interesting thought in the course of their hopefully short-lived careers. We'd rather watch *Caged Heat* for the 478th time than this snooze-fest.



HIGHLANDER 2 - (d) Russell Mulcahy (1992): *Highlander 2*? Was this really necessary? In keeping with the current rage for churning out sequels to marginally successful and deplorable originals, the folks at Columbia have given us this botched and unintelligible mix of sci-fi, myth and ecotech gone awry. Christopher Lambert still hopelessly mispronouncing the simplest of dialogue in a voice that sounds as if he's sporting a vice-grip on his testicles, shambles through the gloom of 2024 searching desperately for Sean Connery (Rodriguez) in the vain hope that the Scotchman might supply humor or substance to this somnambulistic muck. Unfortunately Connery-Rodriguez at 500-something is possessed of less wit and wisdom than James Bond was at thirty-something. Unless you feel compelled to witness the aforementioned Connery pulling down his half-mil for a

couple days of lifeless self-parody, we suggest you drain a bottle of Glen Morangie and stare at the label until you see traffic moving outside the distillery.



SPLIT SECOND - (d) Tony Maylan (1992): 2008. London. Unreal city. London that does not look like London. Or a city. A soundstage. A marginally expensive soundstage filled with stagnant water. Peopled with marginally expensive actors - Rutger Hauer, Kim Cattrall, Michael J. Pollard - nearing the end of their marginally successful careers. None of whom possess anything marginally resembling a British accent. Which is as it should be with a horror film concerning an invisible monster which pulls people apart for no apparent reason and which is only marginally entertaining.



TWIN PEAKS: FIRE WALK WITH ME - (d) David Lynch (1992): Clumsy mixture of the surreal and the hyper-real in this prequel to the *Twin Peaks* television series (and, I suppose, the movie of the television series). The first half-hour of the film, which features Chris Isaak, Kiefer Sutherland, David Lynch, David Bowie, Harry Dean Stanton and Kyle MacLachlan is clearly the best, relying as it does, on arresting dialogue and quirky characterizations. The following hour-and-a-half is less interesting, as it attempts to introduce many of the idiosyncratic elements and red herrings of the television show resulting, almost by necessity, in the jettisoning of character, meaningful dialogue and plot. Much of the fault for this lies with the script which begins promisingly enough with the tandem of Sutherland and Isaak as FBI agents tracking the murderer of a small town Oregon waitress but quickly degenerates into a banal, pseudo-Freudian study of incest and repressed passion betwixt Laura Palmer and her "alienated" father. Lynch tarts up his cliched, psychological themes with bravura cinematography and a few arresting set pieces but save for Sherilyn Lee's marvelously erotic performance as Laura Palmer, *Fire Walk With Me* is, in the end, beautiful sound and fury, signifying little, if anything.





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IN PUBLIC. BUT NOTHING? HARDLY! COME ALONG THEN,
AND LETS EXPLORE THE WONDERS OF.....

FETISHTON

FALLS

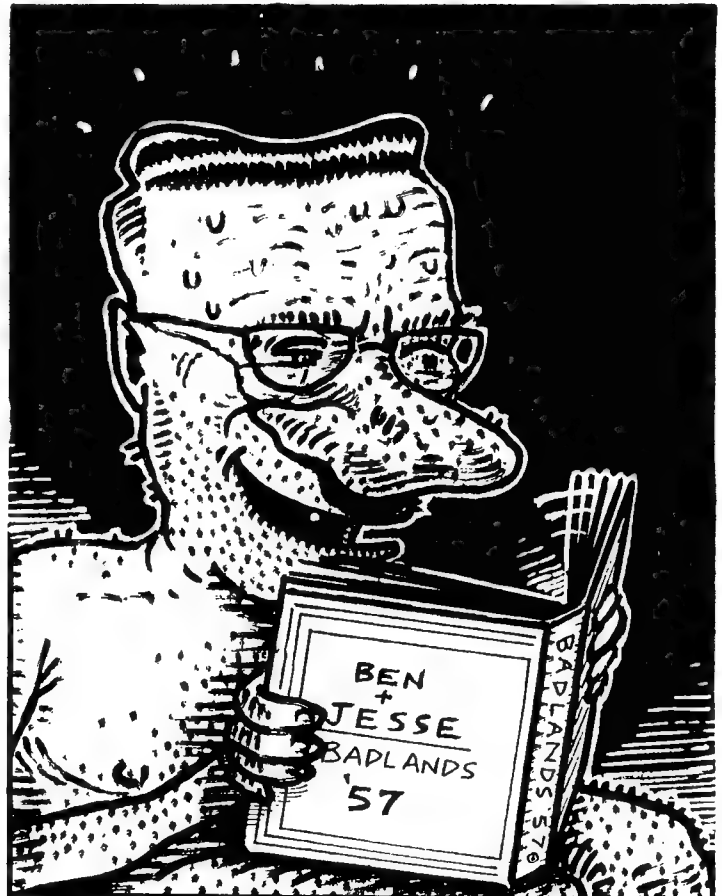
G. SUSS



MISSOURI

THE GOOD OL' BOY ON THE PRECEEDING PAGE IS DON RAY BROCKLEY, NEARBY HARDWARE STORE OWNER AND WARD ALDERMAN. WHEN HE'S NOT WEIGHING NAILS, MEDIATING PETTY DISPUTES IN LOCAL POLITICS OR PRESIDING OVER HIS "BROOD", HE'LL BE FOUND IN THE BEDROOM CLOSET SPORTING A NYLON STOCKING ON HIS HEAD AND PLAYING "GAMES" WITH HIS ANATOMICALLY CORRECT TEDDY BEAR, AFFECTIONATELY NAMED "FRISCO." LET'S VISIT SOME OTHER HOUSEHOLDS, SOME OF DON RAY'S NEIGHBORS...

WELCOME TO DOT PRALIN'S PARLOR. THERE SHE IS NOW, PERFORMING HER WILD TIT DANCE. OH MY, IT'S JUST... SO, PRIMITIVE! MERCY....



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AH, YES... FETISHTON FALLS. THE CITY OF LIGHTS? ALAS, NO.
 THE ETERNAL CITY? HOW ABOUT AGRI-BUSINESS AND A
 SHOE LACE FACTORY. YOU SEE, THE REAL BEAUTY OF THIS
 TOWN WILL NOT BE AFFORDED TO THE CASUAL TOURIST. ITS
 CHARMS ARE TOO WELL HIDDEN. ONLY PROFESSIONAL VOYEURS
 NEED APPLY....



...HMMM, LOOKS LIKE SOME-
 ONE'S BEEN A NAUGHTY BOY.
 CHARMINE JUST HATES TO
 PUNISH HER WIDDLE EDDYKINS,
 BUT... LET'S WATCH. OUCH!
 NEXT DOOR WE CAN...



...MEET BOB FRAPPLES, A
 CEMENT CONTRACTOR.. AND
 BODY PART CURATOR. HE'S
 NEW IN TOWN, JUST MOVED
 RECENTLY FROM MILWAUKEE.

YEAH.... C'MON IN, GANG!
LET ME SHOW YA 'ROUN'.
THEM JARS ON THE TOP
ROW, THEM'S MY BLUE
RIBBON WINNERS... HEY,
DON'T TOUCH! ANYBODY....
WANNA PICKLE? HAW-HAW-HA.



INDEED! NOW REMEMBER
PEOPLE, MOST OF THESE FOLKS
WONT BE AS, UH, NEIGHBORLY,
AS OLD BOB HERE. WE
MUST MOVE QUIETLY, SO AS
NOT TO DISTURB OUR, UH...
SPECIMENS' NATURAL BEHAV-
IOR. IN ORDER TO LEARN,
WE MUST OBSERVE... AND
LISTEN. YOU, SIR, IN THE
BACK, WOULD YOU CARE TO
SHARE WITH THE REST OF
US WHAT YOU'RE BLABBERING
ABOUT?... ALRIGHT THEN,
SHHHHHH....

... LET US NOW CON-
TINUE OUR LITTLE TOUR.
RIGHT THIS WAY TO SEE...



..ONE OF FETISHTON FALLS'
MOST CURIOUS SIGHTS. LIB-
RARIAN MYRA MILBURN UN-
LOCKS THE DOOR TO HER...



P..PLEASE MOMMY..

....VERY OWN TORTURE
CHAMBER! SHE LURES
UNSUSPECTING "DRIFTERS"
WITH A "HOME COOKED MEAL".
LOOKS AS IF THIS FELLA
COULD USE ONE NOW, EH?

..WHAT A WONDROUS ARRAY OF SPECIAL INTERESTS. THIS COMMUNITY IS A RICH, VARIOUS MOSAIC OF FOUR STAR OBSESSION, FROM THE SUB-LIME TO THE... EVEN MORE SUBLIME!....



..BIRTHPLACE OF A REVOLUTION? ONLY IF OTTO GRUBER CAN REALIZE HIS SECRET DREAMS AND AMBITIONS.



..AND WHAT ABOUT THOSE FLYNN TWINS? "IF ONLY MOM WOULD A HAD A MICRO-WAVE, WE MIGHTA' GOTTEN OUR WISH, TOTAL UNION!"



DOWN AT THE LOCAL WHOLE TRUTH CHRISTIAN CENTER, IT'S TIME FOR SNAKES N' STRYCHNINE. PRAISE JEEZIS!

... AND WHAT'S A PORTRAIT OF A TOWN WITHOUT A LOOK AT LOCAL POLITICS? HERE'S MAYORAL CANDIDATE "BUZZ" LEWIS, PUTTING FORTH HIS PLATFORM FOR THE VOTERS:

UNBOWED, UNBROKEN... FAMILY VALUES, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH...



.... LATER, DOWN AT THE HI-WAY MOTEL, AFTER A LONG "STRATEGY MEETING," "BUZZ" LEAVES HIS CALLING CARD, AND THEN SOME!....



WELL, THERE YOU HAVE IT, A HIDDEN JEWEL, MERELY A DOT ON THE MAP, A FEW STOP SIGNS ON THE ROAD TO ANYWHERE ... AND AS YOU LEAVE, I MUST BID YOU A FOND ADIEU. MY DAYS AS A "WANDERING CONNOISSEUR OF THE ARCANE" ARE OVER. THERE'S AN IRRESISTIBLE AROMA EMANATING FROM MYRA MILBURN'S KITCHEN OR IS THAT BOB FRAPPLES' BASEMENT? OH MERCY, I FEEL AS IF I'VE DIED AND GONE TO HEAVEN....

The World Of Zines

Mike Gunderloy and Cari Goldberg Janice

Penguin (1992)

Mike Gunderloy and Cari Janice are the former publishers of *Factsheet Five*, a magazine which functioned as a kind of clearinghouse for the underground. Within its one hundred plus, microscopically printed pages one could find thousands of short reviews of independently published books, magazines, newsletters, chapbooks (collections of unreadable poems sandwiched between pieces of cardboard) as well as audio and video works. It was a publication impressive in its scope and ambition but it suffered from two fatal flaws: it was, for the most part, poorly written and indifferently laid out.

One could forgive the cut and paste graphics - there was simply too much information to allow for anything but a de minimus lay out strategy - but the lack of erudition and humor in the prose made *FF* very tough going. And concomitantly, it made Gunderloy and crew's recommendations suspect at best but more often miserably inadequate at worst. What was ironic about *Factsheet Five* was that it was a perfect, albeit unwitting illustration of why most zines get started in the first place: their publishers are such poor writers or draftsmen that no self-respecting magazine would have them. I know what I'm talking about. As a publisher of an underground magazine I've been inundated with dreadfully written pieces by dozens of "poets," "critics," and "visual artists" as well as scores of deathly dull publications.

So while I cannot claim to have read all four hundred of the publications recommended in *The World Of Zines*, I can honestly say that I am familiar with about a hundred or so fanzines, many of which are included here. Almost all of which are not fit for wrapping fish. Ivan Stang, author of *High Weirdness By Mail*, realized this and so filled his book with snide humor, condescension and misanthropic cries of astonishment. Gunderloy, who aided Stang in putting *HWBM* together obviously gleaned little from that experience; his book is lifeless, humorless and includes many useless publications at the expense of those more deserving of praise. Is there a funnier publication in the world than *The Church Of The Subgenius' Stark Fist Of Removal*? No! Is it included here? No! Are there better writers in the world of trash film and television than Joe Bob Briggs or Ric Sullivan? Of course not, but you won't find *We Are The Weird* or *Gore Gazette*. What you will find is crap like *Coffee And Donuts*, *Teenage Gang Debs* and *Celtic Fringe*.

With over four hundred listings, Gunderloy and Janice are bound by the laws of chance to pick a few winners, e.g. *Your Flesh*, *The Realist* and *They Won't Stay Dead*. But how is a neophyte to separate the wheat from the chaff especially when the chaff includes encomiums to fluff like *Girl Jock* (a magazine for athletic lesbians), *Greenprints* (chasing the soul of gardening) and the *Blondie Fanzine*?

The World Of Zines sports a layout that makes *The Last Whole Earth Catalogue* seem refreshingly futuristic. Most of the illustrations, presumably culled from the subject publications, are indicative of just how much zany fun is in store for the intrepid purchaser. The phone sex ads in the back of *Iron Horse* magazine are far more imaginative.

Save your money and wait for the second edition of *High Weirdness By Mail*. If you can't wait, take the fourteen dollars you were going to blow on this predigested and homogenized mass media pabulum and spend it on a subscription to a literate, humorous and informed zine; one that covers both the world of underground publications and the world of art in all its myriad forms. You won't find it listed in *The World Of Zines*, but trust us, it covers all the bases. Joe Bob Briggs claims it's the last word in bad taste and both *The Washington Post* and *The Church Of The Subgenius* believe it is critical to your understanding. Yes, we were surprised that Gunderloy and Janice didn't mention it but perhaps you've heard of this zine of zines, this publication without peer, this most magnificent of magazines, this splendid isle in a sea of philistines; it's called *BRUTARIAN*. (Plus you'll have two dollars left over for a tall boy.)

The Body Snatchers

Frederick Drimmer

Citadel Press (1981/1992)

Remember that old Val Lewton movie, *The Body Snatcher*? The one with Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi as nineteenth century grave robbers? One of the things about it that scared me so much was watching those two guys risk death at the hands of the law just for stealing a couple of dead bodies. Bad enough Boris and Bela had to run around in graveyards in the middle of the night toting rotting corpses, but they also had to worry about being the honored guests at a noose party if they were caught or if someone informed on them. Can you imagine? Sentenced to death by slow asphyxiation for stealing a stiff!

In reality though, the only thing English "resurrection men," as they were sometimes called, had to worry about were angry mobs. And let's face it, you're not likely to have an angry mob hanging about a graveyard in the middle of the night. You see, in England, it was simply not considered a serious offense to abscond with a corpse. The law stated that "The carcass that is buried belongeth to no one." So a corpse wasn't property; ergo, the man who stole one couldn't be said to be robbing anybody. After much public outcry, Parliament, in 1788, made body snatching a misdemeanor but still that didn't really slow the growth of this burgeoning trade. By the early part of nineteenth century, the demand for corpses on the part of surgeons and medical schools had grown so great that there were literally

hundreds of grave robbers prowling the cemeteries of England, Scotland and Ireland.

But many "exhumators" were hung and ironically, it was due to a nicety of the common law. You see, dead bodies may not have been considered property but the things which were placed on the deceased or in the coffin were. Thus, the burial shroud, the ring on the corpses' finger, even the coffin, were all "legally" the property of the heir or the executor. And the law said that the theft of any property valued at five shillings or more was punishable by death. Since a shilling wasn't worth much, this meant you could be put to death for purloining a button from the corpse's greatcoat. Consequently, on any given night, in remote graveyards throughout the British isles, you could, if you so wished, treat yourself to the laughable sight of grown men, frantically striving to denude a corpse and throw back any and all valuables into the coffin before restoring the grave to its original condition.

If this is the sort of thing that makes you chuckle with ghoulish glee then it's a sure bet that you'll enjoy *The Body Snatchers*, an entertaining and diligently researched volume devoted entirely to tales of corpse snatching and of famous stiffs. Yes, thrill to the story of Julia Pastrana, a hirsute dwarf known in her day as the world's ugliest woman who proved to be just as valuable a commodity dead as alive. Marvel at the Hottentot Venus, an African native whose steatopygia was so pronounced you could comfortably place a hansom on her ass without her noticing. Shudder as you read about the contemptible efforts to spirit away the bodies of such luminaries as President Lincoln and Charlie Chaplin. But be advised, ladies and gentlemen, if you are faint of heart, I must ask you not to enter the tent. At any price.



danny Hellman

At Your Own Risk: A Saint's Testament

Derek Jarman

(1992) Hutchinson

by Cole Gagne

At Your Own Risk is the most recent volume of journals by Derek Jarman. Twenty years ago, he was known only by a few as the guy who designed the sets for Ken Russell's *The Devils* (remember that 17th-century convent done in white tile, like a subway toilet?). Today Jarman ranks among the most original and provocative of European filmmakers. For some of us, he leapt to that status instantly with his first feature, *Sebastian* (1975): You have to be some kind of genius if you've made a homoerotic film about an early Christian saint, with all the dialogue spoken in Latin. But even those who weren't bowled over by the conceit (or turned on by the sex) found it hard to dismiss Jarman's personal blend of historical evocation and unexpected anachronisms. He'd heighten that tension radically in subsequent films, particularly in *Caravaggio* (1986) and *Edward II* (1992). But by the release of his second feature, the punk rallying cry, *Jubilee* (1977), he'd already driven home the news that a genuine rebel had set up shop in the heart of British cinema. So of course he's welcome simply for that; the imagination and humor in his work just makes it all the tastier. What's extraordinary, though, is his refined sense of visual texture, something all too rare among filmmakers. Jarman's delight is to combine a myriad of motion-picture technologies (super-8, video, projections, etc.), transfer the idioms back and forth, and then cut everything together on 16 or 35mm film. These techniques are at the heart of his exquisite short film, *Imagining October* (1984), and his landmark non-narrative features, *The Angelic Conversation* (1985), *The Last of England* (1987), and *The Garden* (1990). They raise his language, and the language of film itself, to a whole new level, where you can really feel as though you're seeing freshly, for the first time.

Jarman was diagnosed HIV-positive shortly before Xmas of 1986. In 1990, his condition had deteriorated to the point where he was hospitalized for seven months (during which time he temporarily lost his eyesight). Parts of *The Garden* were shot when he was too ill to be present, and upon its release, the mongoloids who write film reviews for newspapers used it as an opportunity to deliver their Jarman obit (and praise or pan the flick in passing). Quite sensibly, Jarman not only didn't indulge them by dying, but actually went on to make one of his best films - and his most scathing assault on British classism and homophobia, namely *Edward II*.

In *At Your Own Risk*, Jarman fills in the gaps in his autobiography which had been left by his previous books, *Dancing Ledge* (1984, out of print) and *Modern Nature* (Hutchinson, 1991). But the emphasis with this book is squarely on now: Each chapter is ostensibly about a decade in his life, from the '40s to the '90s, yet

throughout them he interpolates his present-day experiences as both a person with AIDS and an out gay man in homophobic England. "I can't remember ever seeing an article in the British press which didn't see my sexuality in a negative light," he observes, and his book contains verbatim chunks of British reportage on the horrors of being queer. What makes them truly ghastly, even more than their idiocy, is their familiarity. The thunderings of romance-slinger Barbara Cartland in 1955 - "Our youth is menaced by these perverts, it is a sin against God and mankind . . . Nothing more sinister than this tolerance can be imagined." - are exactly the same kind of crap we hear everywhere today. And a litany of twisted headlines from recent British tabloids reads just like the hate for sale from the American press: "Lesbian Teacher Horror;" "Vile Book In School - Pupils See Pictures Of Gay Lovers;" "I'd Shoot My Son If He Had AIDS, Says Vicar."

Jarman has become for the British almost as much of a synonym for homo as Pasolini was for the Italians (until they killed him). In reality, Jarman grew up deeply repressed and alienated from his own body, especially after he'd been caught at the age of nine getting frisky with a classmate. "It's a myth that all-male boarding schools are the center of jolly sexual activity," Jarman laments. "Like a lot of young men I was afraid of my body. I don't think this is to do with my sexuality . . . I've remained angry about it ever since and, because it made me desperately unhappy as an adolescent, it's one of the motivating forces in what I've done with my life. Adolescence is difficult enough for any of us, but to have those pressures on top of it, to be corrupted into heterosexuality, that was the worst." As a result, Jarman's coming out was difficult - especially when you consider he was coming out to the early - 1960s England (documented in *At Your Own Risk*), which was almost as grossly repressive as that country is today. Jarman's list of "identifiable homos" at the time is awfully short: "Cocteau (above board), Genet (under the counter), Burroughs and Ginsberg (heard of but not read)." But for all its queer focus, his book is of real value to all readers, however they swing - and it's particularly valuable for the people who are least likely to read it, namely straight men. Fellas, you don't have to suck cock in Colorado to know that Jarman's arguments are also your sole defense against having politicians and policemen deciding what you can do with your bodies: "If you or I decide to have sex, whether safe, safer, or unsafe, it is our decision and other people have no rights in our lovemaking."

Jarman subtitles *At Your Own Risk* "A Saint's Testament," referring to his official canonization by the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence. This international order of gay nuns (Sister Jack-Off All Trade, Mother Fecundity of the Mass Uprising, etc.) creates saints in recognition of individuals who have fought for the rights of queers. ("Pope John Paul II has created 234 new saints, at the rate of 19 a year, so it's time we started.") With Jarman - now known more familiarly as "Saint Derek of Dungeness of the Order of Celluloid Knights" - they found

the perfect subject. (If you're having trouble tracking down *At Your Own Risk*, try your local lesbian & gay bookstore, or write the publisher directly: Hutchinson, c/o Random Century Group Ltd., 20 Vauxhall Road, London SW1V 2SA.)

Horror Film Directors, 1931-1990

Dennis Fischer

McFarland (1991)

Think about it. How many horror film directors are worthy of note? Names that come readily to mind are, naturally, the most well known: James Whale, David Cronenberg, Dario Argento, George Romero, Roman Polanski, Mario Bava. While I may have missed a few, only a horror fanzine editor would admit many more to the pantheon. Which is exactly what former horror fanzine editor, Dennis Fischer, in his expensive, almost nine hundred page tome, has done. Fischer believes that there are fifty-one directors who have "achieved [sic] a significant body of work in an often neglected and reviled genre." Of course, if the genre actually had spawned fifty-one major auteurs it would not have been "neglected" and it certainly would not be "reviled." The reason most well read and sensitive souls ignore horror films is, quite simply, because most of them aren't worth the celluloid on which they are printed.

Yet with books like this one, written on such a massive scale, you're willing to suspend disbelief, willing to give the author the benefit of the doubt, willing to be convinced that, oh say, Reginald LeBorg is worthy of study. But this is where Fischer the writer fails Fischer the horror fan. At his best, Mr. Fischer is only a serviceable scribe, a fanzine writer really, who, like most of his ilk, substitute plot synopsis for analysis and whose diction betrays a noticeable lack of erudition. This is a man who has grown up eating, breathing and drinking horror and science fiction and little else.

But perhaps I'm being unkind. *Horror Movie Directors* is obviously a labor of love and, to be fair, Fischer is able at times to convey his enthusiasm for the genre. This is especially so in the second part of the book where genre hacks and neophytes are handled tersely and with authority. The book also contains an inordinate amount of interesting information and is fairly well researched, Fischer apparently having interviewed a number of the directors as well as their friends and professional associates while putting together this work. And the annotated bibliography is superb, a terrific starting point for the uninitiated. I would advise beginning with *Nightmare Movies* by Kim Newman, perhaps the most engaging and discerning writer in the horror field today. If he can't kindle your enthusiasm for the genre, no one can.



SUSS/ALIEN



Dino - Living High In The Dirty Business Of Dreams

Nick Tosches

Doubleday (1992)

For enthusiasts of American pop culture there are only two reasons for dipping into this unauthorized biography (for people who like to read there are no reasons): to find out who was responsible for breaking up the Lewis and Martin comedy team and perhaps more importantly, to discover how Dino was able to stay on TV for more than three years with his dreadful series of roasts of marginal show biz personalities. The answer to the first question you've probably already surmised; it was Mr. Lewis' egomania and ingratitude that caused Martin to sever all ties (but not his wrists, Martin is far too macho for that, hell, shedding tears is considered unmanly with this guy). When Jerry first met Martin, who was a relatively successful nightclub crooner, he was a struggling mime doing spastic routines to novelty records. Martin took Lewis under his wing, letting him open for him on many occasions, eventually consenting to Lewis mixing with the audience and hurling insults while he was singing. The routine clicked and the pair decided to become a team: Martin the sardonic, singing straightman to Lewis' bumbling, hyper-kinetic adolescent. As the duo became more and more successful however, Lewis began to slowly shift the focus of the act to himself. When Lewis attempted the same trick with their movies, Martin walked. With the exception of a few occasions, forced upon him by the likes of Frank Sinatra and Sammy Davis Jr., Martin would never see or speak to the Delicate Delinquent again.

As for the roasts, well, Tosches never explains the reasons for their popularity; in fact, he doesn't even try. Maybe, like so many mystified critics of the day, Tosches found it impossible to decipher how a weekly series attempting to poke fun of the likes of show business "giants" like Zsa Zsa Gabor by utilizing aging borscht belt comics and minor television personalities could find a soft spot in the American public's heart. But that too is the problem at the heart of *Dino*: how to explain Dean Martin's hold on the American public for almost a quarter century. Tosches tries - he's structured his narrative as a Homeric struggle with the forces of darkness which results in some embarrassing stretches of fustian prose - but what his book seems to confirm is that Dino Paul Crocetti was a man born without a soul, a man who, while realizing success beyond his wildest dreams, grew to become the living embodiment of Oscar Wilde's cynic: a person who knew the price of everything and the value of nothing. Family, friends, career, all took a distant back seat to booze, broads, and later in life, televised western movies. With a man like this, you can't really try to explain anything because in the final analysis there really is nothing to explain. Best just to tell the story. Which, when Tosches does, is a fascinating and engrossing one, one that has the added benefit of reading like a cheap dime store novel.

Confessions Of A Rat Fink: The Life And Times Of Ed Big Daddy Roth

Ed Big Daddy Roth

Pharos Press (1992)

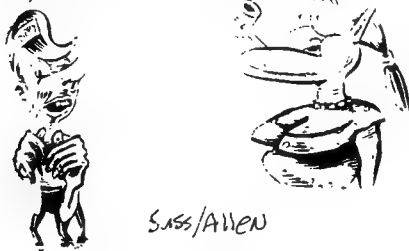
My friend Steve who is heavily into customized cars, street rods and the whole garage demimonde gave up trying to finish this book after a few half-hearted efforts. "Too disjointed, too discursive and too disorganized," was his conclusion. Which *Confessions* is, but only if you approach the book expecting to find adult fare because what Ed "Big Daddy" Roth has written is not a book for grown-ups but one for children. A book for very hip children so if you're still young enough to groove, well, then this thing might be your bag too. And how could it be otherwise as Big Daddy has stuffed this little opus with stories about drag racing and Rat Fink and car customizing and Rat Fink and model kits and Rat Fink and . . . Ah, you get the picture, *Confessions* concerns the stuff that drove you wild as a twelve year old, drove your parents crazy and made all the little girls sick to their stomachs. Making it all the more amusing is this charmingly ingenuous hipster style Daddy employs to speak to us, a style, moreover, he laces with pearls of obviously hard won wisdom. To wit:

Reality is a concept that we try to impose on kids and sometimes we destroy their ability or desire to fly with thoughts and ideas.

Or dig this riff the man puts down:

Even though these trucker types talk with an accent and in English that would make an English teacher hop right off the roof at lunchtime, there's a certain wisdom that rules this world. Between the comedy & the down-to-earth subjects, such as animals, crops, women, families and trucks, puts a trucker's scope of experience at a certain advantage over the college-educated cat.

Like, crazy man, and it almost makes SENSE! Hey, baby, but if that isn't enough to arouse your interest, look to this. *Confessions* boasts a boss introduction by A-Bones drummer and *Kicks* magazine editor, Miriam Linna, an entertaining essay that is both historical overview and pop rumination on the whole Rat Fink and Big Daddy phenomenon. And you get dozens and dozens of great black and white photos of Mr. Roth and friends, model kits, customized cars, T-shirt art, etc., as well as ten monster pinups and a bonus color poster. So what more could you want? Alright, maybe great literature. Steve's right, *The Life And Times* ain't no *Confessions of St. Augustine*, but then Big Daddy never claimed he was no saint, neither.



SASS/AVEN

Torso

Steven Nickel

(1990) Avon

by Slimsey, the Sioux City Squealer

On September 23, 1935, two naked, decapitated and emasculated bodies were discovered in a shallow ravine in Cleveland. One belonged to a sexually deviant petty criminal; the other was never identified. The mutilated corpses were the first calling cards of a still unknown psychopath, who, by August 1938, would discard the neatly butchered remains of ten more people in Cleveland and nearby Lake Erie. The story of this case is the subject of Steven Nickel's *Torso*.

The outstanding feature of the book is Nickel's integration and depiction of the case's milieu - Cleveland during the Great Depression - and his use of Public Safety Director Eliot Ness' career as counterpoint to that of the killer's. Ness held the Public Safety post from November 1935 to April 1940, a time during which he was to eclipse his highly publicized 1929-33 campaign against Al Capone with a comprehensive clean-up of Cleveland, virtually wiping out some forms of crime and corruption. Ness reformed the crooked police department, prosecuted labor racketeers and reduced illegal gambling and other vices. In his first year alone, he cut overall crime by one quarter. Despite his outstanding service, Ness' failure to find the Torso Killer, as well as a hit-and-run accident in which he was involved, generated enough negative publicity to induce his departure. The killer, on the other hand, not being a public official, was able to engage in his elaborate homicides with impunity. Only three of his victims were identified; although all were probably indigents from Cleveland's infamous Third Precinct. All that is really known about the Torso Killer comes from the twelve incomplete bodies, four of which were found badly decomposed. And what the bodies tell us is merely this: the killer was skillful at dissecting corpses and was quite strong, having killed seven of his victims by decapitating them with one or two knife strokes. The manhunt Ness launched in an effort to find the Torso Killer did nothing other than unearth some of the city's more offbeat characters, such as the man who liked to masturbate while watching naked prostitutes behead chickens and another who owned three hundred pairs of shoes and lived in a cave.

Nickel has put his story together in a package which is refreshingly professional for a true crime book. His prose is scholarly and engaging; it lacks that newspaper article quality prevalent in the field. His thorough research gives *Torso* the completeness lacking in most work of this genre, much of which relies on legal records and dubious, second-hand information. Some of the illustrations give a better feel for the case, although they do contain the usual ghoulish shots, including a severed head and too many photos of the people involved. And while Nickel is unable to discover the butcher's identity, he concludes *Torso* with an excellent assessment of the

killer's character juxtaposing it with that of the harried Ness.

Ness has been dead for thirty-five years but the Torso Killer may still be alive, perhaps performing on Ginsu commercials. The next time you go to Benihana's, you might want to keep your hands to yourself. At least until the chef is done.

Encyclopedia Of Pop Culture

Jane & Michael Stern

Harper (1992)

If this is an "encyclopedia" then I'd have to tag it as an incunabula of one. In fact, a far more accurate title for the book would have been something like "Notes and Essays on Various Aspects of Things American's Consider Iconographic," so alarming and embarrassing are the omissions in the Stern's latest magnum opus. And speaking of alarming, is it me or does co-authoress Jane Stern get larger and larger with each book she publishes? I mean, what does she do, eat remaindered copies of previous works? Jane, it's getting difficult to even look at you anymore. Stop posing for photos, you've got more chins than the Shanghai phone directory. And you're beginning to resemble Haystacks Calhoun. And you know, I think that if you had posed in overalls for that snapshot that adorns the inside front cover I would have concluded that it was Haystacks Calhoun posing with that Wally Cox look-alike you call a husband.

Which brings me to my next point, Mr. and Mrs. Pop-Culture-Experts: How the hell can you call your book an "Encyclopedia Of Pop Culture" and exclude professional wrestling from its lists? This is a multi-billion dollar industry, Jane and Mike, that is, like God, ubiquitous. Yes, wrestling is everywhere; it's crept into every strata of society. Even former "out-of-the-loop," ex-Prez George Bush had sense enough to parade Nature Boy Ric Flair on the platform while campaigning against Bill Clinton. And is there a bigger star on this planet than the Immortal Hulk Hogan? I think not. But neither the Hulkster nor the Nature Boy appear in this mother of all encyclopedias although Clara Peller does.

Yes, Mr. and Mrs. High Priests Of Pop, I'm aware that wrestling and its even lower-brow cousin, roller derby, appeared in your *Encyclopedia Of Bad Taste* but how is the average book buyer supposed to know that? They might have if you had been a sport and called this tome *Bad Taste Part Two* or something along those lines. Besides, if Elvis can appear in both volumes because he "commands a place in any real pop pantheon" so should wrestling and some of its equally mythic figures. Ask any kid or teenager today who they think is cooler or more mythic if he wears glasses) Elvis or say, The Undertaker and they'll look at you like you're nuts (which you would have to be to ask such a silly question).

Alright, so who and what have been overlooked by both *Pop Culture* who weren't even included in *Bad*

Taste? Well, as you might have guessed by now, the list is endless and the omission of the following even by the Stern standard - somebody or something must be an "important, outrageous, audacious, and symptomatic element of pop culture as it has evolved since WW II" to the point that it has become a "significant icon of American mythology" - is fulsomely egregious. What of Punk Rock (a movement, a sound, a fashion, a way of life); Shopping Malls (having done as much to mangle the minds of American young as television); Fanzines (a revolutionary communication movement extant since the invention of the mimeograph); Serial Killers (the new rock stars); Psychotronic Film (bad becomes beautiful); Johnnies Cash and Rotten (two larger than life figures who transcend genre and nationality); Marlon Brando (Is there a more mythic figure in both the pop and aesthetic branches of cinema?) and on and on.

All of the above have been excluded for such "icons" and magical totems as: Clara "Where's The Beef" Peller (I'm sorry, but I just can't get over this one), Slim "The Yodeler" Whitman (geez, why not include South Afrikaner crooner Roger Whitaker and pan piper Zamfir - oops the Sterns do include the latter); Rosie "Take A Subway To The Finish Line" Ruiz (I'm sure you remember her); Earth Shoes (there was a fashion phenomenon that lasted a long time); Fanny Packs (do we even need to comment on this one); and Lambada (a dance craze that lasted all of two seconds). At times you have to stop and wonder whether the Sterns were actually raised on planet Earth or whether they just touch down once in a while.

Of course with over two hundred topics, the Sterns are bound, almost by accident, to get some of this right. I'd say, and this is a rough estimate, that about fifty percent of the subjects are the ones a fairly knowledgeable student of pop culture would have included had he or she been compiling a similar book. But I would be remiss if I didn't admit that the Sterns have obviously done their homework; their arguments for the inclusion of many of the more dubious entries are cogent and forceful. Perhaps of even greater importance, is the absence of the smug and condescending tone that marred so much of *The Encyclopedia Of Bad Taste*; most of this *Encyclopedia*, by contrast, is elegantly and perceptively written. So while I can't wholeheartedly recommend Jane and Mike's latest effort, I can't completely dismiss it either. Buy it for that foreign exchange student on your Christmas list and for yourself for those times when you need to settle an argument concerning the composition of cheez whiz or the name of the Bonanza party album.



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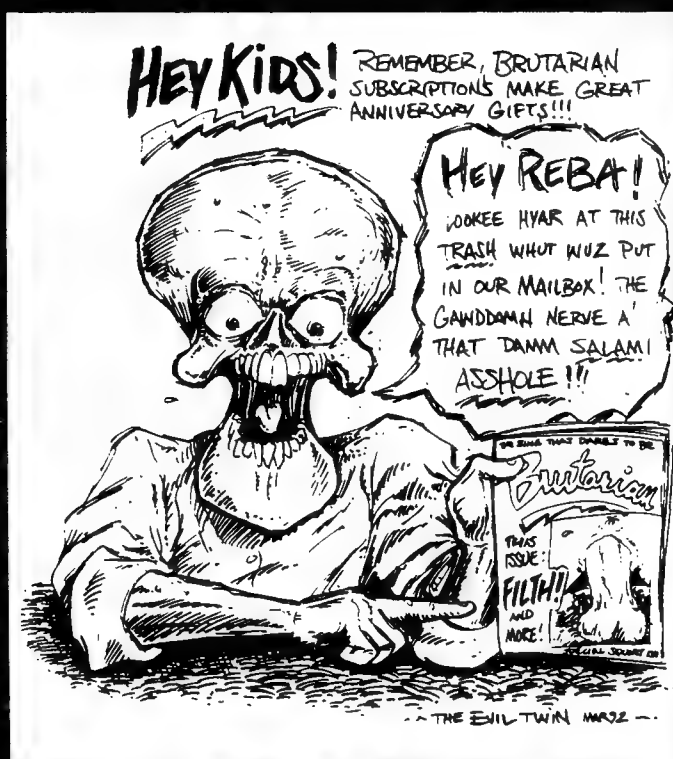
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TO CERTAIN TWISTED palates, THERE'S MATERIAL
HERE THAT WOULD HAVE Jesse Helms
baying AT THE MOON IN FEAR."

- The Washington Post



The Woman Chaser

Charles Willeford

Carroll & Graf (1960/1990)

Richard Hudson has the art racket all figured out. Never mind that he comes from a family of failed artists: his mother, a "retired" ballerina dances in her studio basement all day; his first stepfather, a horrid tunesmith committed suicide after years of pounding the piano and producing only one hit, a novelty song entitled "Lumpy Grits;" and his latest stepfather, Leo, is a washed-up Hollywood director at the age of only thirty-seven. But none of this bothers Richard Hudson, a fabulously successful used car salesman; he's got an idea for a screenplay and he's sure he can turn it into a movie. Writing the script is no problem. It's like his friend Bill says, "One word at a time." And after you get enough pages done, you stop and start to revise. And after you revise enough, "You come up with something pretty good." As for the movie, well, "anyone who has seen a couple of hundred movies and who is furnished with capable assistance" - read Leo - "can produce and direct a movie." Yes, Richard Hudson is plenty confident and perhaps he should be. He's young, handsome, very bright - Pound, Eliot, Joyce and Freud adorn his bookshelves, classical music graces his turntable - and has a tidy sum socked away in a bank. But the more you read, the more chinks you begin to find in Richard Hudson's armor. First of all, there is his decidedly Oedipal relationship with his mother, "the most beautiful woman in the world." Secondly, there is Richard's feelings about people in general: He doesn't have any. At least not positive ones. To Richard, men are "feebs" and women just pussy "looking for a husband." Finally, and most disturbingly, there are the breakdowns, those fits of inchoate anger that leave Richard sobbing and overcome with emotion.

Somehow, despite his defects of character, Richard completes his movie which turns out to be a minor masterpiece. There is a problem with it, however; the film is only sixty-three minutes long. And as we all know, a feature film has to run at least ninety minutes. Richard knows this too and he knows that THE MAN who runs the movie studio, THE MAN who has advanced Leo and him the tens of thousands of dollars to complete the picture will be terribly unhappy. So unhappy that he will demand that Richard pad his masterwork with twenty-seven minutes of extraneous footage.

We know that Richard won't budge, that he won't change his position no matter what the cost; he is simply too used to giving orders, too used to manipulating people. What we don't know is what Richard is going to do when THE MAN and his studio inevitably take his film away from him.

We might have been better able to guess had Willeford drawn Richard a little more simply. But Willeford is not a simple man; he knows life is not a matter of black and white. So he keeps us guessing, has us asking ourselves throughout *The Woman Chaser* (originally

published under the more sensible title, *The Director*): Is Richard a late-blooming psychopath? Is he a hateful neurotic? Or is he simply a frustrated artist? The wonderful thing about this highly amusing black comedy is that even after you've read it a couple of times you're still never quite sure.

It's A Conspiracy

The National Insecurity Council

Earth Works Press (1992)

So you think you know everything about the assassinations of JFK, RFK and MLK? Grown bored with the conspiracy theories concerning the continued ban on the wonder plant, hemp? And yet . . . and yet . . . your latent paranoia continues to gnaw away at you, demanding exhumation of heretofore undiscovered plots, exposure of fresh outrages, the unmasking of sinister collaborators. The National Insecurity Council understands people like you and to keep you from going mad they have published *It's A Conspiracy*, a laudable attempt to weed out some of the more outrageous American conspiracy theories from the ones that have the ring of truth (and are, of course, therefore true). All of the big complots are here, including the hoary conspiracy theories mentioned above, but we also get the dark secrets behind Pearl Harbor, Marilyn Monroe's "apparent" suicide and Elvis Presley's drug overdose.

There are over five dozen entries in all and each of them is concise, wittily written and beautifully organized. In most of the sections you are given the conspiracy theory or query (e.g., Did Elvis really die? Did Marilyn Monroe kill herself?) in about thirty words or less and then given a brief historical account. A listing of suspicious facts follows which leads to a terse discussion of the plausibility of particular theories surrounding the question. In most cases, the authors don't equivocate; they tell us whether they believe a plot was hatched or whether all the supposedly cogent speculation is the product of mere fancy. And the writers give sources for further reading because they know, since you bought the damned book, that your curiosity will quite naturally be piqued.

But there is one conspiracy they forgot to put in the book: the attempted assassination of Ronald Reagan by former President George Herbert Walker Bush. Sounds too incredible to be true, doesn't it? Well the next time you're sharing a drink or a smoke with a friend, ponder this: Neil Bush, the President's oldest son, is a good friend of John Hinckley's older brother. In fact, he had a dinner engagement scheduled with Hinckley's brother on the very day Reagan was shot. Now what are the odds of that being merely a matter of chance? (q.v., *The Unauthorized Biography of George Bush* and references cited therein.)



Down Under's Over-The-Top Magazines: All The Nudes That Fit They Print

People - The Picture

by Stately Wayne Manor

After reading an article about Australian tabloid-type magazines in the *Betty Paginated* newsletter I just had to check them out. Thanks to the kindness of BP editor Dan Lennard, I was able to obtain copies of *People* and *The Picture*, sister publications out of Sydney.

Having been the subject and author of a number of articles for U.S. based tabloids (No doubt you've framed my "KO'd Boxer Comes To And Thinks He's Elvis" piece), I think it's fair to say I'm very familiar with the domestic product. As entertaining and bizarre as some of the local rags are, none can compete with their Down Under counterparts.

The Aussie zines combine the best features of the U.K. and U.S. yellow journals. Like the English papers, they devote substantial space to bare boobs and butts. (Remember the hoopla surrounding bubble-breasted Brit popster Samantha Fox a couple of years ago?) And the Australian stories and columns are as outlandish as anything one is likely to read in the *Weekly World News*.

According to Lennard's article, by the mid-eighties *People* had been on the stands for decades, its stock in trade being profiles of interesting characters and a few pics of topless femmes. It was during that time that *People* canned editor John Elder. His response was to publish a competitive magazine, *The Picture*, which would one-up his former employer at every level.

Elder broke the newsstand taboo of using very explicit language and ran stories concerning any aspect of the skin trade that would give him an excuse to plaster the pages with semi-naked ladies. He also favored the obviously fabricated with the accent on sensationalism. At one point they published a photo-illustrated report about their office on the moon!

Evidently the Elder formula was a smashing success, so much so that *People* was forced to dramatically alter its slant to compete with the upstart. No doubt Elder enjoyed a well-deserved opportunity to gloat. In the late Eighties, Australian Consolidated Press, *People's* parent company, bought out *The Picture* and wisely decided to allow the lunatics to continue running the asylum.

Judging from the samples I received, *People* is the tamer of the pulchritudinous pair. Its skin photos are reminiscent of those from the pre-pubes men's magazine era and its text concentrates on offbeat, "wacky" personalities and minor celebrities a la its American cousin.

Both magazines run over a dozen pages containing hundreds of ads for adult phone services and videotapes. They also sponsor weekly contests offering cash prizes for readers' T&A pics.

The Picture is clearly *People's* trampy sis. In true Brutarian "Dare To Be Lame" spirit, Number 115 (11/21/90) boldly boasts "EVEN WORSE THAN LAST WEEK" above its logo. The cover stories include "Sex Star Screws Saddam For Peace" and "Bikers Break Our Balls." Another issue's cover line warned readers of "The Incredible Shrinking Dick Disease."

Between the covers *The Picture* presents the kind of material that makes me proud to be a member of the writers' fraternity. Archeologist Barry Carter, the man who once drilled through the roof of Hell, displays his latest find: "The Other 10 Commandments." Number XI: "Thou shalt IGNORE all previous Commandments and covet these ones, 'cause they're better."

Who among us could resist headlines such as "Egyptian Tits Gave Caesar A Seizure," "Oy! Wanna Gang Bang Me?" and "Crumpet Curse Lops Craven Flops?" If you enjoy refreshing columns (like mine) you'll love Dirty Bitch and pro griper Tubs Grogan who declares, "Springtime: It's Just A Sick Joke."

Well, apparently not everyone shares our taste in fine journalism. As usual, a herd of self-righteous buttinskis have come forward to spoil the fun. The prime culprits this time are members of a "let's-give-ourselves-an-important-sounding-name" group known as The National Working Party On The Portrayal Of Women In The Media.

THE HOLY TRINITY

BY RICHARD BAYLOR



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The ladies in the photos are paid, receive tremendous publicity and are presented as healthy, fun-loving and good-natured. Members of pro-censorship groups come across as oppressed, pompous killjoys. Yet it's the latter who accuse the former of perpetuating a negative image of women. Interesting.

Unfortunately, like Donald Wildmon and his American cohorts, the zealots are pressuring the government to place severe restrictions on the display and sale of such magazines, absurdly labeling them as "pornographic." As such, zines which were once readily available on newsstands are now getting extremely difficult to locate. Lennard says, due to the recent crackdown, the closest outlet to his home is an adult shop 200 miles away!

Despite the tactics of the holier-than-thou prudes attempting to shove their unsolicited Victorian morals down the public's throat, neither publication has acquiesced, preferring to go down swinging rather than buckle under to a bunch of crybabies. For spitting in the face of the Good Taste Patrol we at *Brutarian* heartily salute our overseas brethren.

[*Betty Paginated* is available by trade from Dan Lennard, 33 Wodonga Ave., Loxton, SA 5333, Australia. *BP* covers all the important topless arts - strippers, models, pro wrestlers - and, of course, Ms. Page.]

[Australian Consolidated Press' address is GPO Box 5201, Sydney NSW 2001, Australia. Those hoping to get copies sent from Australia should be prepared to depart with a bit of dough to compensate for the high price of air mail postage. It costs over eight dollars to send a *Brutarian* there by the cheaper "printed material" class. It's about twelve bucks otherwise.]

Physical Interrogation Techniques

Richard W. Krousher

Loompanics (1985)

by Brian Johnson


By its own admission, intended as a supplement to U.S. Army Field Manual 30-15 *Intelligence Interrogations* and other existing manuals, *Physical Interrogation Techniques* makes it very clear from the get-go that it "does not advocate the use of torture on fellow human beings." It also makes clear that in spite of the Geneva Convention and other laws and protocols, that each commander must decide, based on the circumstances, whether the use of force to obtain information from a hostile source is appropriate. With this in mind, author Krousher stresses the fact that it's important to keep the prisoner alive and awake during his ordeal and what practices to avoid if severe mutilation or death is not the desired outcome. Of course, if mutilation or death is the goal of the interrogator, methods for achieving one or the other are also explored.

Physical Interrogation Techniques is a concise, unflinching exploration of the age old practice of torture.

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Each technique and its painful result are described in excruciating detail in three or four simple paragraphs. Our worst fears concerning the fate of POWs are confirmed in chapter headings such as "Intrusion Into Body Orifices," "Mutilation, Electricity, Sensory Deprivation/Overload," etc., etc., leading us to wonder whether our C.I.A. utilizes this book or something even more sinister. At times, *Physical Interrogation Techniques* reads like an instruction manual for a drug cartel: *Fucking him in the ass can be painful and humiliating.* This is discussed in Chapter 2:

Sticking a fist up his ass can be painful and most unpleasant for him - but it's not very pleasant for the interrogator either. As usual, you have to evaluate your subject. Believe it or not, there are some guys who actually get off on having a fist shoved up their ass!

Well, uh, OK. The espoused idea that most subjects who are likely to be tortured in conflict situations are male make this book a bit easier to take but not by much. Mercifully, no female victims are mentioned. Call me overly chivalrous, but I can more easily stomach reading about a male subject getting his short hairs plucked than a female experiencing the "vaginal pear."

At any rate, if you ever were curious about how to administer such painful ordeals as inserting then breaking thin glass rods in someone's urethra or plugging someone directly into the wall, you'll find detailed instructions here, as well as tips on simpler forms of abuse such as verbal humiliation and forced exercise. Depending on your personal tolerance, reading certain chapters could be akin to hearing the slow scratch of fingernails on a blackboard:

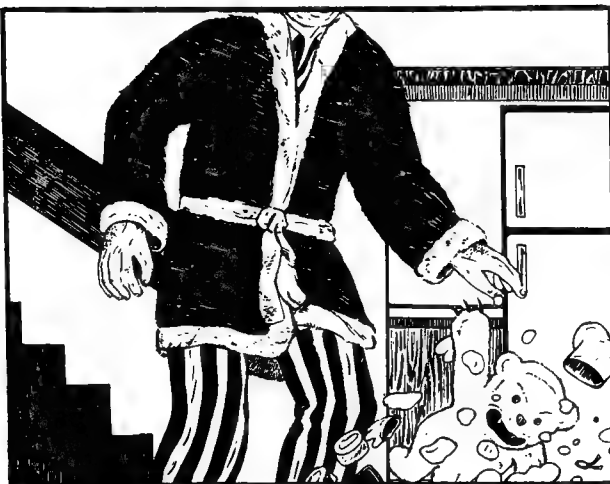
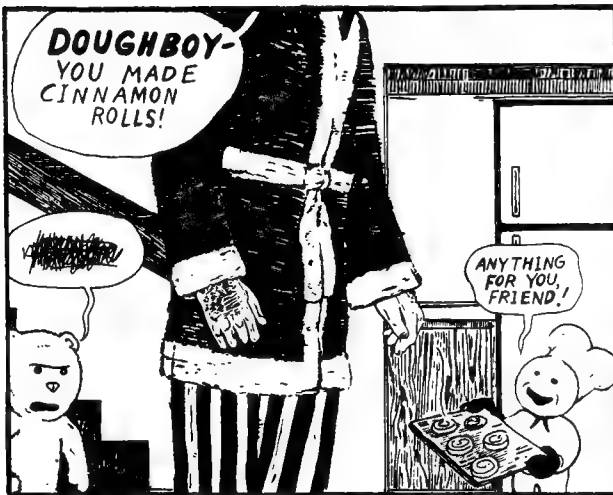
The only thing that will top the sight and feel of a pin running through his cockhead is the sight and feel of a similar pin entering his testicle.

The section on "Bone Scraping" - you can guess what that entails - did the job on me.

But whomever or whatever this book was written for is really beside the point. If you are either a serious student of the macabre, a sadistic military interrogator or someone with sicko revenge fantasies that (in most cases) are better left as such, *Physical Interrogation Techniques* is an entertaining, albeit quite gruesome, read.

SOFT

by Greg Fiering





Rocket From The Crypt - Circa: Now! What a difference a year makes. The Rocket's first LP, which came out in 1991, I ripped off the turntable after about three cuts. But from the first few moments of the opening track, "Short Lip Fuses" with its big & meaty slabs of power chords and cool feedback, I knew, almost immediately, that something had changed. For the better. The promo sheet says that the band has gotten rid of two of the original members and added a new drummer and a sax player. Good! Because now the Rockets power-pop-punk, i.e., post-hardcore sound, is much more interesting, not to mention accessible. I mean, this combo in its previous incarnation would never have attempted something as stirring and anthemic as the eight minute plus "Glazed." So 'nuff said, if you think the new Bob Mould sugary confection is hot stuff, you'll simply love this (Cargo) - DS

Various Artists - A Decade of Instrumentals 1959-1967: A swinging decade so super-charged with space missions, Soviet espionage and spaghetti westerns that it only took eight years to complete! More worldly than their stateside surf n' drag counterparts, U.K. and euro-instrumental acts took the themes of their brief decade to heart, crystallizing the exotic James Bond-like material it proffered as sizzling melodic action adventure in hauntingly tinny reverb best heard in the ingenious recordings of Sweden's Spotnicks and the many purveyors of the legendary Joe Meek sound (the Moontrekkers, the Pockabeats, the Tornados, et al.). Perennial class act, See For Miles Records, all U.K. "Decade Of" selections include the Moontrekkers' "Moondust" flipside, "Bogey Man," the Snobs' stinging "Stand and Deliver" and Johnny Howard's sinister theme from Cham Canasta's 1962 tv series, *The Memory Man*, "Mind Reader." Of superior vintage (Available from Midnight Records) - SJ

Beme Seed - Purify: Sulphurous and dissonant guitar noise masquerading as melody . . . languorous tempos . . . Gothic vocals coming dangerously close to hitting some of the notes

. . . the bass hitting the right notes for no apparent reason . . . lyrics betraying the residual effects of thousands of hits of LSD . . . Siouxsie and the Banshees come to the lower East side for a visit, like what they see and move in on Ridge Street. Their domino-playing, primitive, Hispanic neighbors find themselves, much to their surprise, quite amused (No. 6 Records, Box 3306, NY, NY 10185) - DS

The Phantom Surfers - Play Music from the Big Screen Spectaculars: Tiger, tiger, burning bright. In the forest of the night. What immortal hand or eye? HATH FRAMED THY FEARFUL SYMMETRY? S.F.'s mysterious masked nemesis of dull, overwrought "musicians" everywhere DARE to demonstrate the taste, tang and towering suavity of the only intro gods fit to judge them - the inestimable Shadows. Recent big winners of the "Swankest Instrumental Combo" title on Ed McMahon's *Star Search*, elusive *ubermenschen* the Phantom Surfers score again with a string of sleek Hollywood hits which include tasteful knock-offs of the Super-Stocks' "Wheel Stands" ("Big Screen Spectacular Tonight") and the ethereal "Spotnicks' Theme" from the Spotnicks ("Batwoman vs. Rat Fink"). Also featured are discriminating star quality soundtrack selections from *Hush*, *Hush Sweet Charlotte*, *Blood Orgy of The Leather Girls* and *Malamando*. Recorded in Ortho-Phantonic Stereo, Big Screen Spectacular is definitely the nazz (Estrus) - SJ

Nine Inch Nails - Broken: Big, BIG industrial-thrash dance sound. Don't ask me how big, it's pretty BIG. The kind of BIG people over thirty would love to dance to if they knew how and if they weren't scared to learn. We will teach you: turn this up very loud, pound back a beer or three, break the bottles against your head. Now try to walk. There, you've got the basic step, the rest is up to you (Interscope/Atlantic) - DS

Rollins Band - The End Of Silence: If you call yourself a "music-fan," you've probably got stacks of vinyl, CDs, tapes and assorted seven-inchers cluttering up your crummy little room, most of which just sit there and take up space. Oh, they're impressive to your so-called friends who come over and leap through them. "Wow! Play this one!" they say. "Naw, sick of it," you mutter as you wave them off. And so it goes until the so-called friend finally leaves and you're left alone with a bunch of shit you can't stand anymore. But wait! There's still hope! Now you can get rid of all this junk that no longer says anything to you and live with not just one album, but ONE SONG! That's right, the fourth cut on this record, "YOU DIDN'T NEED" is the ultimate rock song. Really! It's just so fuckin' heavy . . . and honest . . . and REAL! Well, you just gotta hear it to believe it. Start cleaning your room out now, you'll need plenty of space while you thrash around and destroy whatever's left of your possessions (IM-A-GO) - BJ

Old - Low Flux Tube: Slavish worship of the demon Pandemonium forces strange percussive sounds, bludgeoning (sometimes hyperspeed) guitar noise and nails-on-the-blackboard growls to subordinate itself to Chaos and Random Chance. Reportedly, these three acolytes of the Dark God have enlisted godless reprobate, John Zorn, to aid them in celebrating "confusion worse confounded." And verily it must be said, that sax man Zorn renders great service to the Old, bringing to their riotous din many righteously alarming skronks and amelodic squeals (Relativity/Earache) - DS

The Mortals - Ritual Dimension of Sound: "A small boat cleaves a path through the dark green lagoon . . . The brawny fisherman lowers his net . . . A crocodile surges mightily into the steaming water . . . A pelican flies in a blur of alarm . . . The sleeping village lies under the winking southern sky." The most evocative psych-punk take on Santo and Johnny's south pacific "Offshore" theme ever waxed. "The native women weave their colorful wares while a craftsman spins a red clay urn . . . They remember the white man from the Kon-Tiki . . . The blond child wonders . . ." Includes recipe for huge, syrupy, cooling rum drink. And for disaster (Estrus) - SJ

The Mummies - Play Their Own Records: "The jungle market basks in the fervid sun . . . A cornucopia of colors . . . Plantains, mangoes, snakes with bellies split from head to tail . . ." The Mummies' distorted, garage-punk covers of four ultra-boss Wailers (the sixties Tacoma, Washington sixties punk kind, you spiff-sucking twine heads) tracks made me want to touch myself in a sinful manner and then go to confession so that I feel clean again. Fab Wailers' cuts include "Tall Cool One," "Out of Our Tree," "Mashi" and "Dirty Robber." Other stuff on the record is cool too, despite the well wrapped wonders claim that they are "not cool in any way, shape or form." Extra-snazzy. "Young breasts heave nakedly . . . Unashamed yet innocent . . . The hunting call of birds unseen by western man . . ." (Estrus) - SJ

Blood Circus - Primal Rock Therapy: I was going to say that this was the clearest evidence yet of the enormous influence Blue Cheer has had on the whole Seattle grunge rock scene, but this stuff is too fast. Maybe Blue Cheer at 45 speed or maybe, in other words, speedy, furious HARD HARD rock. The critics slagged this stuff? How could they? The guitars squeal and squall, the drum work is alarmingly primitive, the solos are tasteless and hopelessly retro and the vocals are hoarse, monochromatic and at times, slightly off key. Just

goes to show you that you shouldn't be listening to the critics, you should be listening to us. And us? We haven't been squirted with this much testosterone since we were introduced to Sugar Shack (Sub Pop) - DS

Ned's Atomic Dustbin - Are You Normal?: OK, I LOVED their first album, Godfodder, which most likely means I'll hate their second. First time out, they were young, fresh and sarcastic, most likely meaning that now they'll be old, stale and compromising. Nope. They're better, this time REALLY utilizing the double basses and finding even more melody than before (which means your girlfriend will like it). Jesus, this is really good, really modern (without being pretentious), really cool. And don't worry a bit, there's still enough razor guitar and bashing going on so you won't be labeled a wimp for liking it. "Get my fingers down your throat at the same time . . . cut you with a very long, very sharp knife." See? Really ugly lyrics with melodic music! It's perfect. You can hum this little ditty and nobody will guess what you're thinking! "IF WE GO FORWARD DON'T LOOK BACK, I'D SAY YOU DON'T WANT TO DO THAT. IT'S SO EASY TO SIT ON YOUR HANDS AND LOSE OUT." The Ned's aren't sitting on their hands, and you shouldn't be either. Go ahead, run out and buy this, I'll wait for you . . . (Chaos/Columbia) - BJ

Lull - Dreamt About Dreaming: Lull's dreams must be deeply troubled because these quiet, minimalist pieces are dark, ominous, and, in some places, deeply disturbing. The twelve minute "Stream Endless" with its ebb and flow of ghostly sounds and baleful synth washes places you on a remote and desolate beach where the only sound is the dull roar of colorless waves monotonously slapping against black sand. "Eyes Through Walls" takes a discreetly mutating synth figure and a simple, repetitive rhythm and overlays disembodied voices and a loop of a man dispassionately announcing that he's going to Hell. After almost ten minutes of this you realize that you're there already, have been all along in fact. For many listeners, most of this will sound like nothing more than morose New Age music but I don't think there's a dentist or chiropractor in their right mind who would play this in their waiting room (Sentax Productions, 105 Harcourt Road, Forest Fields, Nottingham, U.K. NG7 6PX) - DS

Television - Television: A lot of aging rock critics are falling all over themselves in an effort to find the proper superlatives for this reunion effort ("exquisite" and "delicate" seem to be the bon mots of the moment). While I must confess to aging, I can proudly boast that I am not a card carrying member of the order of fustian rock critics so you can BELIEVE me when I tell you that this effort, while pleasant, intelligent and full of shimmering, elegant guitar interplay between Messrs. Lloyd and Verlaine will neither knock you down like Marquee Moon or quietly pull you in the way Adventure did. In other words, this fifteen-years-in-the-making third release is good, but then this is Television, goddamit, and from these guys I want more than "good". I mean Lloyd and Verlaine can do good in their sleep. IN THEIR SLEEP! You understand? (Capitol) - DS

Brian Eno - Nerve Net: Balding New Age God growing weary of the calm nothingness of his languorous atmospherics, casts off the persona of the careless and negligent man of leisure for that of the cool Afrikaner funkster. Polyrhythms, dank sounds, and infectious grooves butt heads with dada resulting in a delectable concoction of . . . juju space jazz! Except for the last twenty minutes or so which are filled with Robert

Fripp's moody, roaring, ethereal guitar solos. At a running time of almost sixty-four minutes, it's kind of like getting two CDs for the price of one. What a bargain! (Opal/Warner Brothers) - DS

Biohazard - Urban Discipline: Brooklyn born and bred Sweat Hogs leave the world of stickball, egg creams and Italian lynch mobs for the cooler one of muscular, manful thrash. Consciousness raising lyrics seek to alert you to the fact that it's a Bensonhurst out there. Fortunately, dese boys possess the chops, paleolithic integrity and gritty, no frills sensibility to turn this borough vision into musical reality (Roadrunner) - DS

Various - Bloodstains Across Texas: Eighteen Essential Punk Rock Blasts: Wanna get fucked up. Wanna smoke ludes. Wanna puke blue shit. Wanna fuck you. Hey, I was a spritely young punker once too. I wrote those insipid lyrics and I still like them. Even if nobody else does. My band was called "The Scabs" until we figured out that some effeminate Brit post-punk band had sort of the same name. Since this really pissed us off we couldn't actually think up another name ("The Gestapo" was considered), but if we had, and if we had lived in Texas, and if we had recorded a record or done anything besides get loaded, we would have been on this album. Except that we sort of sucked too. *C'est la vie*. Bloodstains compiles eighteen incredible, hostility-laden three chord pistol's punkers from the halcyon 78-81 era of wholesale hatred and hair trauma. Incoherent classics include Babby Saxx cuts,

"Scavenger of Death" and "Learn To Hate," "Cheap Rewards" by Next, The Stains' "John Wayne was a Nazi" and the Huns' "Busy Kids." This issue's *Brutarian* purple Cisco award winner by acclamation, "Bloodstains" is THE MOST. Nirvana queers and hippie hair fucks beware. Hate is back and we like it (Bloodstains c/o Byron Coley, Box 627, Waltham, MA 01060) - SJ

Optimum Wound Profile - Lowest Common Denominator: Yeah, I tore this sucker out of its plastic housing in no seconds flat. A band that has "screeching" and "roaring" specialists. A band that worships ALL Sub Pop bands and believes Ministry and the Swans to be brooding Gods. A band that can obviously do no wrong. Right? . . . Right? . . . Huh? Well, uh, of course. Stop with the fucking questions already. It's obvious, from the pulverizing indistro-stomp of "Drain" (guest looped rap courtesy of Jack Nicholson by way of *The Shining*) to the blasted, alienating soundscape of the eleven-minute plus "Crave" that these guys never fail to deliver the goods. In righteous abundance (Roadrunner) - DS

God - Possession: My, my, if this is God speaking to us, He is certainly quite angry. And I'm not sure what the cause of all this indignation is because He has not seen fit to provide us with lyrics or talk to us in recognizable sounds. Verily, I say unto you that I am sorely perplexed at my inability to state for certain whether any of this may be what most men call Rock. This because much of Possession is sax and bass (and some

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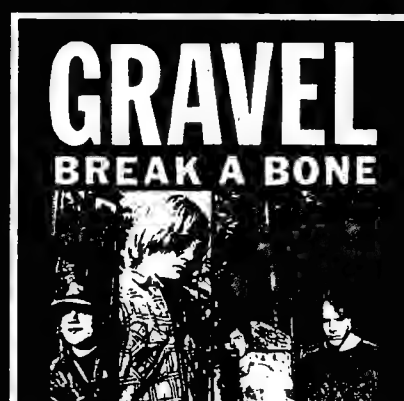
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piano) noise accompanied only by irate cries and bellows. In His infinite wisdom however, God has seen fit to provide wondrously infectious, rumbling (mostly) bass grooves so that we may sorrowfully sarabande whilst waiting to see the light. Would that the Son Of Man would play this in his temples and watch with delight as every seat was filled (Virgin dist. by Caroline) - DS

Various - Mortar Compilation: Apt title for this compendium of cacophony, this angry blur of guitar noise which becomes progressively more astounding as it rumbles along; so much so, that midway through the disc it all becomes completely inconsequential and therefore, almost by definition, beautiful. Highlights? There are no highlights. This is music made by sepulchral spirits who walk on corpses, mocking beauty as they go. The longest songs are Caspar Brotzmann's thirteen and one-half minute ode to anfractuosity ("Massaker") and Fall of Because's Gothic take on Metal Machine Music ("Grind"). This doesn't mean anything in and of itself but for some reason I thought it was important (Permis De Construire Deutschland, Kernerstrasse 15, 7156 Wustenrot, Germany) - DS

Various - Beat of the Traps: MSR Madness Vol. 1: Among the many hi-lites of grainy print journalism are the stimulating cover girls of *True Detective Magazine*. Malnourished. Semiclad. Menaced with clubs, hoes, rakes and other agricultural implements. Or menacing with same. How would one attract such a minx? Since *True Detective Magazine* is for detectives, the answer is hidden among the back pages, and it's easy. One need only spray them with Pheromone Attractant-10. "WHO NEEDS PHEROMONE ATTRACTANT-10? YOUNG MEN (STUDENTS, ETC.) WHO ARE SHY. BUSY PROFESSIONAL MEN WHO NEED CONFIDENCE. LONELY DESPERATE MIDDLE-AGED MEN WHO SEEK SUCCESS WITH THE OPPOSITE SEX. TRAVELING SALESMEN . . . SERVICEMEN (SOLDIERS AND SAILORS) . . . WITH LIMITED FUNDS. PHYSICALLY HANDICAPPED OR UNATTRACTIVE MEN WHO WANT TO 'MAKE IT' WITH AN ATTRACTIVE GIRL. MEN WHO DO NOT WANT TO HAVE TO 'PAY' FOR IT." And you thought you had to talk to them! Through the sixties and seventies, MSR Records ran the following ad in the magazine with the answer for everything and others of its ilk: "SEND US YOUR POEMS OR SONG LYRICS AND WE'LL GET THEM RECORDED. BIG MONEY COULD BE YOURS!" Who would respond to such an advertisement? Young men (students, etc.) who are shy. Lonely, desperate, middle-aged men seeking success with the opposite sex. The handicapped. The unattractive. The frightened. The retarded. The walking wounded. The insane. After all, when armed with a sex spray that renders attractive women powerless, a record deal and some big bucks, well . . . anything is possible. Beat of the Traps is a collection of MSR's recordings of the inane, touching and sometimes beautiful, rambling lyrical submissions of the aforementioned societal miscreants. The process appears to have involved a studio band with a Hammond organ recording the suspect verse to whatever tune they fucking felt like (sometimes disco) onto a 45, slapping a photograph of its deranged author on the sleeve and sending it back to its shaking Shakespeare post haste. My favorite is the super-heavy funk "Theme from Shaft" sound-alike "Jimmy Carter Says Yes." "Can a government? Be competent? Jimmy Carter says yes." I liked Jimmy Carter too. Uniquely challenged. Highly recommended (Carnage Press, PO Box 627, Northampton, MA 01060) - SJ

Flipper - Generic: Shatter is dead but they've decided to undertake the quest once again so we find their seminal '82 LP finally getting pressed onto disc. Dirge-like amateurishness, stridently pealing the death knell of the floundering seventies punk movement. Perhaps the most important musical statement since the premiere of Never Mind The Bollocks! . . . or Public Image . . . or Metal Box . . . or Hey! Wait a minute . . . (Def American, 3500 West Olive, Suite 630, Burbank, CA 91505-4628) - DS

Cramps - Look Ma, No Head: Lux Interior. He got upset over our interviewer's statement that this LP "wasn't their best" in *Brut* #5. He tore up our magazine. He put it in a box with the special gifts we gave to him and mailed it back to us. Hey, just because we said it wasn't the best doesn't mean we didn't like it. Fact is, we didn't listen to it. The only people we know who have it are the Ubangis. Here is what they said about it: "Probably their most diverse record . . . It's really good . . . Goes from slow & sleazy to bluesy to wild and frantic . . . Don't forget to mention that 'Wilder, Wilder' is the best exploitation tribute ever and 'I Want To Get Into Your Pants' is the best song they've ever written . . ." If the overwrought "Interior" had bothered to send us a free copy it would probably be a really GREAT record. Probably their best (Enigma/Capitol) - DS & SJ

The Teenbeats - Surf Bound: Medocre Vegas surf band delivers a deuce of ginchy reverb drenched instros ("High Roll" and "One Armed Bandit") and a surfeit of vocal dross that rankles like a crew of Shriners crooning from a Motel Six balcony on a weekend bender. If this was *Kicks* magazine I'd right a really cool review of this record. Sort of like this: WHOA!!! OOOOH! CRAZY DADDY! WOW! GOSH! BEJESUS! COOL! I REMEMBER THIS GIG IN 1964 WHEN BILLY'S PANTS FELL DOWN! WHOA! OOOOH! CRAZY DADDY! WOW! GOSH! BEJESUS! COOL! IN 1965 THEY ALL GOT DRAFTED! WHOA! OOOH! CRAZY DADDY!...(NORTON!!!!!!) - SJ

The Spotnicks - Rarities: Like Ben in *Blue Velvet*, this band is so fucking suave they even sound good at 45. Which is the speed we played it at until we realized that it was recorded at 33. Emulating Joe Meek's Tornadoes, space-suit clad Swedish sixties instro divinities, the Spotnicks deliver a splashy, otherworldly twang laced with ethereal organ fills designed solely to appeal to the Finnish market. A market that craved the ultimate in cool (Star Club via Midnight Records). - SJ & JK

Adrian and the Sunsets - Breakthrough: So. Cal's surfin' Sunsets were extremely young. And pimply. Pimply and coated with Clearasil. The Sunset's *Beach Blanket Bingo*-era surf instro and vocal covers are similarly juvenile. Fact is, the best thing the Sunsets had going for them was the Air Force Daddy connections to procure a super-boss F-101 Voodoo fighter plane they could pose in front of for the album cover. Nevertheless, this impressively lurid, azure album jacket makes this reissue an attractive addition to ANY record collection (Surf Records via Midnight) - SJ & JK

Beat Happening - You Turn Me On: Secretly worshipped in cineacles of childish cool from coast to coast for the severity of their assiduously simplistic vision, Beat Happening are the quintessence of NOW, daddy! This is the kind of record you don't even have spin to know like, well: MAN IT'S HAPPEN-

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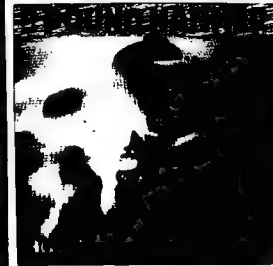
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ING! I DIDN'T play this for a bunch of cats who bopped over to my crib last week and they all agreed that BABY, IT WAS THE MOST! I did turn my dog on to it because it sounded a lot like the songs I make up for him when we're alone - singsong melodies with sweetly naive arrangements (ranging from awkwardly austere folk to gawky jangly pop to gangly garagey fuzz), slightly skewed rhythms and wiggly vocalizing (courtesy of Calvin "Tor" Johnson and Heather "Sharri" Lewis) - and, yes, man yes, he gave it two paws up. CRAZY! (Sub Pop) - DS

Pitch Shifter - Submit: This is the sound of disaffection. Disaffection seeking solace in anger. Cathexis in loops of savage riffs and rudimentary rhythms. Tricked out with hoarse cries and ululating guitars. Played andantino for the most part. Save "Dry Riser Inlet" which rocks for the most part. Surprising us with its almost fearful levity. Submit, in any case and hear the inchoate in a handful of chords (Relativity/Earache) - DS

Techno Animal - Techno Animal: Unbelievably uncompromising industrial noise band reminds me of early Swans only without their sense of humor (or is this like early Swans with a sense of humor?). But you get the point: punishing repetition of loud, ugly sounds salted with louder, uglier sounds (except for the next to last cut, "God vs Flesh" which is a kind of lyrical ode to the soul crushing, mind numbing character of the machine and comes to late to make a difference). I listen to this and think of the workers in Fritz Lang's *Metropolis*, incessantly moving those knobs and levers until it is almost impossible to tell where the machine leaves off and the men begin. Supernal in its appalling lack of beauty (Pathological) - DS



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Tom Waits - Bone Machine: First time I heard this I was busy and not really paying attention. I remember the opening cuts - particularly "Such A Scream" and "All Stripped Down" - sounding a lot like Captain Beefheart. So did the lyrics: "Well pale face said/To the eyeball kid/She just goes clank and boom and steam/A halo, wings, horns and a tail." Okay, I said to myself, Tom's entering a decadent, mannerist phase, I'll get to this later, much later. Well, I finally ran out of new things to listen to and out of sheer desperation I "got back" to Bone Machine. Those two cuts I mentioned still sounded like Beefheart (which isn't a bad thing) but the other fourteen are a world of their own: somber, sparse, disquietingly serene, at times, slightly surreal. I like the way Waits takes an immediately recognizable form - mood piece, ballad, blues, rock - and twists and pulls it into something almost "other." In its own unassuming way, this is one of Tom's finest albums (Island) - DS

Pain Killer - Guts Of A Virgin: Remember that movie, *The Assassination of Marat-Sade*? The one where all those half-dressed crazies kept jumping out of cages beneath the floor to scream pseudo-philosophical babble? Well, this punishing art-noise attack is like that. Only with horns (There are bass and drums but I hear horns, only horns, the screech, the piercing cries, the caterwauling of horns). And cartoonish screams. Why they named this after a graphic Japanese horror film is beyond me. But then so is most of this "music." Which is probably why I like it; I'm the kind of a guy who likes a challenge (Relativity/Earache) - DS

Blind Melon - Blind Melon: Funky, sometimes folksy, white-trash rock band with a vocalist that has that near screechy (e.g., Axl Rose as a present day practitioner) affectation that southern bands like to think is very soulful. I think so too but then I'm white. And as a white person, I feel qualified in telling you that this has a very seventies southern sound, Lynard Skynard and the Allman Brothers tinged with some of the most delightful excesses of the psychedelic era. Confused yet? Yeah, you really can't pigeonhole (I know that's my job but these guys are good) Blind Melon but the concept of Blind Melon is cool and the songs, which talk about things like freedom, living for today and the beauty of childish perceptions, are, by virtue of their narcissistic solipsism, an impressive effectuation of it. (Capitol) - DS

Rollins Band - Tearing: Henry Rollins isn't nearly as smart as he thinks he is. And he doesn't have a monopoly on suffering (I myself, until I grew strong enough to take my father, was forced to live in a doghouse in the backyard and to forage for scraps in the garbage can). So a little of Henry Rollins goes a long way. And maybe he should start doing more covers. Like he does on this EP. Only one original (and it's real good) and three radical reworkings of "Ghost Rider" (dig that languorous psychedelicism), a Cheech and Chong comedy bit (much funnier than the original) and a Richard Berry obscurity (I, like Rollins should learn to relax), this is the one thing by Hank I think no household should be without (BMG) - DS

Cocktails - Songs For Children: Yes, but for what kind of children? Certainly not ones like myself who grew up listening to the insipid, feckless pabulum spurned by the Walt Disney Corporation and AMBLA member Danny Kaye. No, this is music for kooky kids, the kind who start watching monster movies and wrestling while they're still in diapers and are dating chicks before they reach puberty. If I ever have wee

ones, this loopy, insidiously infectious stuff will be the first platter I play for them (Hi-Ball/Carrot Top, 657 West Lake St., Chicago, IL 60661) - DS

Steve Wynn - Dazzling Display: Once upon a time there was a band called the Dream Syndicate. And even though they had but an EP and an LP to their name, they were widely acclaimed throughout the land. And Steve Wynn was their spiritual leader (or so we thought). Then bassist Kendra Smith (Opals) left, the band signed to Herb Alpert's A&M and subsequently released *The Medicine Show*. It was only fitfully interesting. Then lead guitarist Karl Precoda left and suddenly it was just Steve Wynn. Steve Wynn doing cowboy rock and bad Neil Young imitations (*Out Of The Gray*, *Ghost Stories*). And the people saw that it was bad and stopped listening. Now Steve Wynn is a solo act. He writes songs with people like Peter (REM) Buck and Fernando (Lou Reed's worst LPs) Saunders. The fast songs are treacly and vaguely anthemic. The slow ones are banal and lachrymose... Oh, it is so sad. So sad to recall that once upon a time there was, for a moment, an heir apparent to Lou Reed... Once upon a time... (Rhino) - DS

Swans - Love of Life/Jarboe - 13 Masks: Since Jarboe is now such an integral part of the Swans and 13 Masks is such a bore, I thought a comparison of these two CDs might help me and our audience better understand how this could be so. Jarboe, first of all, looks more pretentious. On the cover of *Masks* she has these neolithic designs painted on her naked body and is posed in soft focus like some mysterious enchantress. The Swans dress mostly in black and are far too busy moodily philosophizing to ever pose. Jarboe writes pseudo-mystical lyrics with a strong, romantic bent. The Swans' lyrics (at least on *Love of Life*) are positivist, full of light and skepticism tempered by hope. Jarboe doesn't care much for melody or rhythm. Neither do the Swans but at least they're passionate about it. Jarboe relies heavily on Christian imagery, the Swans told guiding light Michael Gira they'd quit if he didn't stop using Christian imagery. No amount of marijuana will improve the Jarboe experience, massive ingestion of THC always enhances the pleasure of listening to the Swans. I turned off 13 Masks to watch a Michael Hayes-Eric Watts wrestling match. I would only take the Swans off for Ric Flair (Young God, Box 1462, NY, NY 10009-8904/Sky, 6400 Atlantic Blvd, Suite 220, Norcross, GA 30071) - DS

Praxis - Transmutation: Fucked-up space-funk and spacey psych-noodling (and it's noodling with a capital N on the sixteen minute plus astral odyssey "After Shock") courtesy of Bill Laswell (Material), Bootsy Collins & Bernie Worrell (the heart and soul of Funkadelic) and some deranged Michael Meyers look-alike on guitar named Buckethead. Someone should spirit George Clinton away from death-dwarf, Prince and force him to listen to this. And shoot him in the head if he refuses (Axiom/Island) - DS

The Chantays - The Best of The Chantays: Kennedy era intro collectors may be aroused by the rare and colorful Dot Records logo gracing this attractive Chantays' reissue, as well as NASA inspired titles "Space Probe," "Continental Missile" and "Beyond." Children may tremble under Chantay Robert Spickard's stern, fatherly gaze. Women may find the band's matching sharkskin suits and tasteful Beatle boots alluring. We would like to tell you more about this record but frankly we are too awestruck (Dot Records via Midnight Records) - SJ

The Go-Getters - Pop Time: "Pigtrud" or "barbed wire" is the term Danish squares gave to the electric guitar sound of bands like the Go-Getters. Although relatively pedestrian as instrumental bands go, this group from Denmark performs pleasing renditions of many American standards as well as some rather easy originals. This record is not a good choice for go-go parties but the complete instrumental collector will value it during his or her more mellow moods (Star Club Guitars & Beat 33-9103.02 available via Midnight Records) - JK

Donovan - Troubador: Looking back, it's hard to believe that at one time Donovan was being compared favorably to Bob Dylan. Listening to early work like 1964's "Catch The Wind" and "Colours" you can understand why this was so but even here, in the lyrics and in the imagery you can catch a glimpse of the idealistic romantic spirit struggling to break free. Which it did on "Sunshine Superman" just two short years later transmogrifying a sensitive folk singer into... DONOVAN. DONOVAN: a Celtic minstrel with stars in his hair and an otherworldly look in his eyes. DONOVAN: an Arthurian bard joining lilting melodies, a sibilant voice and childishly supernal observations to bring us the truth in the guise of simplicity. DONOVAN: who took the heavens' embroidered clothes and spread them beneath our feet. Tread softly dear listener because you tread on his dreams (Epic/Legacy) - DS

The Shadows - E.P. Collection Volumes 1 and 2: Forty-two exotic '59-'67 era guitar intro extravaganzas from England's GREATEST hitmakers. Swinging with the select in San Tropez. Stalking slavish double agents in Stockholm. Switch-

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blade soirees in black leather back-alleys. The Shads are where the action is. Showcasing the Shad's hallmark bellnote-lear metallic twang here are super spy selections, "Zero X Theme," "F.B.I.," "Thunderbirds Are Go," "Shame" and Strangers' fav, "Jet Black" among others. For the uninitiated, expect the Ventures meet James Bond. Or maybe Doctor Who. Very snazzy, regardless (See for Miles via Midnight Records) - SJ

The Eagles - Smash Hits from the Eagles (March of the Eagles): Lovingly carved by the hand of God from the same bold, vibrant and exquisitely plush instro cloth as the Shadows, Britain's Eagles bear absolutely no relation to the puke and penicillin drenched California hot tub contortion later to villainously misappropriate their proud name. Men of humble origin, the 1961-62 era Eagles proved themselves particularly adept at enhancing Shads' style action adventures with their own tantalizingly haunting spaghetti western flourishes. Among the many euro purveyors of instro genius (the Spot-nicks, the Tornados, the Moontrekkers, etc.) long ignored by the stateside surf cabal, may the Eagles and their companions be rendered IMMORTAL! Smash hits include "The Desparadoes," "Special Agent," "Theme from Sahara Station Six" and the brave "Theme from Exodus" (See for Miles via Midnight) - SJ

The Astronauts - Rockin' With The Astronauts:

Righteously renowned for their sparse, tension laden 1962 instrumental hit, "Baja," Colorado's Astronauts had a darker side. A vocal side. A side that sucked! While Rockin' With includes both the amazing "Baja" and its heavy duty instro follow-up, "Banzai Pipeline," it additionally features eight of the most pathetic, insipid vocals ever heard. In short, it eighty percent really blows. If you earthlings want to count down with the Astronauts, save your ten bucks until somebody reissues premier Astro LPs like Astronauts Orbit Kampus, Competition Coupe or Everything is A-OK! For the moment, your flight has been cancelled (RCA Victor via Norton) - SJ

Malhavoc - Premeditated Murder:

My first exposure to this occurred on the tail-end of a two day hangover and at the time, sounded, well... "normal." After getting myself straight with a couple of gin and tonics and listening again, I realized how tight my head must've been. Brutal, jackhammer, hip-hop drum beats. Sludgy "Sabbathesque" stun guitars. Tar-pit, ominous bass riffin' and Big-Muff-fuzz-hoarse-strained vox grind together to create the noise that is James Cavalluzzo's terribly beautiful industrial thrash outfit from Ontario, Canada: Malhavoc. The first half of this is newly recorded material that, played at the proper volume, could very possibly loosen some teeth, while the remaining cuts (from '85 & '87) show the genesis of "Torture-Tech." Now if you'll excuse me, I'm gonna twist the knobs all the way to the right and go stick a fork in the light socket (Century Media) - BJ

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SEE! THE TWO MOST MONSTERS OF ALL TIME!

MIGHTY KING KONG!

MIGHTY GODZILLA!

SEE! THE TWO MOST MONSTERS OF ALL TIME!

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to the deadliest passions!

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by the wildest hungers!

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are something else!



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HALF MAN.

Simply Saucer - Cyborgs Revisited: God-like rock critic Bryon Coley likened the Saucers to a cherry enema. Which, at least according to Mr. Coley, is the most wonderful thing a mortal being can experience. A friend and I were kicking this around the other night whilst listening to this platter - which is righteously boss by the way: a fab amalgamation of angular, agitated, psychedelic garage rock, weird, wired, wanky electronic noise and trippy, semi-improvised jams that at times recall Sun Ra at his most demented and early Pink Floyd - and we just couldn't figure it out. Why cherry? Why any flavor for that matter? After all, your ass can't "taste" anything. Then it hit us: the cherry flavor was not for the person getting the enema but for the person giving it. And Bryon, Mr. Demigod, Mr. Bestriding-The-Rock-Journalism-World-Like-A-Colossus Coley was confessing to whomever cared to listen that he was a FELCHER! Then again, he could've been trying to cleverly say that he found the Saucers as useful as a cherry enema. Which would make more sense I suppose, as Bryon is a pretty cool guy. Geez, I just don't know. And maybe I'm not supposed to. Truly, the ways of Gods are strange to men (Fist Puppet/Cargo) - DS

Milk - Tantrum: This comes as no surprise: The big deal music papers over in England e.g., *New Music Express* and *Melody Maker*, don't know how to "peg" this North London power trio. But we do: It's HEAVY METAL! Heavy metal the way the Gods, i.e., Blue Cheer intended. And it's only vaguely riffonious so there's nothing to distract you from the marvelously weighty rhythms, the ferocious atonality of the music, the raw and ragged quality of the performances . . . This ain't Vincebus Eruptum but it's a helluva lot better than Oh! Pleasant Hope. And that's really saying something (Link, 121 W. 27th St, Suite 401, NY, NY 10001) - DS

Sebadoah - Smash Your Head On The Punk Rock: Sebadoah began life as a home taping project for Dinosaur Jr. bass player, Lou Barlow and his friend Eric Gaffney. (This means nothing.) Along the way the duo enlisted another bass player, released a number of LPs and EPs to growing critical acclaim and finally landed at the offices of those harbingers of cool, Sub Pop. (This means less.) Smash Your Head proves that punk is not dead; that is, punk as tumultuous embrace of life, a leap into the void with smarting eyes wide open. (This means I've been reading too much Baudelaire.) Messy, eclectic and tuneful, this stuff really moves. At all speeds. (This bears a vague resemblance to some truth.) (Sub Pop) - DS

GobbleHoof - FreezerBurn: J. Mascis of Dinosaur Jr. produced this lp and he plays drums on it. Some know-it-alls say this sounds like Mascis' band only with a singer with bigger balls. And you know, I think I have to agree. I mean, were the Dinosaurs this heavy? Did they do faux-rap songs about killer embryos with great shards of angry guitar bombast in the background? Could they perform metal funk in a way that would make the Chili Peppers go green with envy? And since when was J. Mascis the spokesperson for the "generation addicted to masturbation and conspiracy theories"? (New Alliance) - DS

Asphyx - Last One On Earth: I asked Sandy if she thought this thunderously heavy death metal offering would be the perfect "musical" accompaniment

for driving a Porsche at 100 mph down a dilapidated southern highway at three in the morning. She said, well, what she said was unprintable but the rest of you just shove this in your cassette deck, strap yourself into whatever junker you're driving and prepare yourself for a WILD ride (Century Media) - DS

Motorhead - All The Aces: The guy who writes "Chopped and Channeled" and is something of an expert on sixties and seventies punk and garage bands was supposed to write this review (he was also supposed to write this issue's "Chopped and Channeled" but that's another story) but he begged off telling me, "Look Dom, what the hell can I say about Motorhead? If people can't see that the Gods are among us then that's their problem." "Yeah, right," I thought. "This guy, their guiding light, Lenny Kilmister couldn't even hold down a job with Hawkwind so how good can his stupid band be?" The answer: Take an "o" out of "good." Black Sabbath or Blue Cheer may have invented heavy metal (and who the fuck really cares?) but these guys perfected it or at least made all the rest of it, by comparison, irrelevant. This box set consists of their first five LPs all with bonus tracks as well as Motorhead Meltdown, a collection of previously unreleased odds and ends. So it's essential. But don't think of it as a definitive collection, think of it more as a starter kit (Roadrunner) - DS

Various - Monster Summer Hits: Drag City: Stop. Somebody call the police! Capitol's monster summer hits blow every chapter of the NHRA sanctioned BOSS DRAG genre rule-book! I should know. I made it up. So the rules are as follows: (1) Baby-puke adolescent vocal drive is strictly disqualified from BOSS DRAG standing. Mewling monster summer hit selections by the ever loathsome Beach Boys, Jan and Dean and mentally challenged Big Daddy Roth's insipid Mr. Gasser and the Weirdos are thus immediately stricken from the ranks of the BOSS DRAG competition under the swift and vigorous application of the rule of law. Hey, why not? They suck! And rules are rules. (2) Heavy handed reverb, hi-octane sax, husky drag strip sound effects and haughty hodad pompadours are must haves. Consequently, the Stuper Stocks' summer hit, "Wheel Stands" and the Duals' slick "Stick Shift" are the only BOSS qualifiers among the many Capitol Drag City contenders. I suppose two class cuts out of twenty-six ain't bad. Unless you can count.





Drag City is highly recommended for anybody who owns a Japanese car or seeks a truly disappointing music purchase. BANNED FROM BOSS! - SJ

Fastbacks - Zucher: Yes! The Ramones' little sisters form a band and release a hot platter only without their brothers' hatefulness and insouciant stupidity (which is what we like about the Ramones so don't get me wrong). The songs are a nice blend of fast poppy-punk tunefulness and sweet incorporeal ballads frosted with little-girl lost vocals and lovely, faux-naïf harmonies. The promo sheet tells me that the band has been around for fifteen years. Where have I been? In the dark obviously. Forget about that and listen to this: Zucher is heartbreakingly gorgeous in the way that only the best guitar-pop can be (Sub Pop) - DS

Various - Kill Rock Stars: I have a confession to make: I never really liked hardcore. Dislike it. So much so that when it finally supplanted punk I packed my Clash, Sex Pistols and Ramones records and committed suicide, i.e., I went to law school. Now it's making a comeback and here's proof: eighteen great cuts from bands with names like Bikini Kill and

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Infamous Menagerie. And while I can't say Johnny Rotten would necessarily feel at home fronting all of these bands, each cut, even the one from Nirvana, displays the proud ingenueness, the anger and the willingness to experiment that characterized the music made in those heady days of 77-78 . . . God! I feel like living again. I haven't been this happy since I first learned that a woman would actually let me put my dick in her mouth (Sub Pop) - DS

Various - The Beat Generation: So, like clue me in baby, what gives with this "beat" generation? I'm hip to the fact that Kerouac coined the term, but what was it? Was it a literary movement like Pound and his imagist cats? Or was it an aesthetic and social protest thing like those wigged-out punks in the late seventies? I mean, what was it man?

Well, Maynard my little buddy, it wasn't exactly a movement. As the poet Gary Snyder - and he was there - once said, there was no "beat" generation only three or four people (Kerouac, Ginsberg, Burroughs and probably Lucien Carr) hanging out together. But after a late comer to the group, John Clellon Holmes published a roman a clef about this "scene" and Ginsberg was charged with obscenity for the publication of his epic poem, "Howl," the media, in its infinite wisdom decided there was a revolution in progress and dubbed it, thanks largely to an earlier New York Times article penned by the aforementioned Holmes, "THE BEAT GENERATION." So there wasn't really a movement and there wasn't really a shared style but what all those disaffected Eisenhower-era bandwagon jumpers, especially the writers, shared was a form of holy, (self-perceived) communal madness. And of course, Maynard, Kerouac put it best when he described these "Bartlebies staring out the dead wall window of our civilization" as:

... the ones who are mad to live,
 mad to talk, mad to be saved, desirous
 of everything at the same time, the ones
 who never yawn or say a commonplace
 thing, but burn, burn, burn like fabulous
 yellow roman candles exploding like
 spiders across the stars and in the
 middle you see the blue centerlight pop
 and everybody goes "Awww!"

So trying to collect the relevant artifacts of the "beat" generation my goateed, sandal-wearing pal, is like trying to catch the breaking wind.

But here, I must interrupt this jive dialogue between self and soul, exercise my writer's prerogative, and lay on you the fact that this here three cd set is a stoned gas, what with these wigged-out recitations of poetry and prose, jive radio documentaries, cool bop jazz, crazy comic bits, square parodies and surprise guest appearances. Sure most of it's "beat" in the way we've been brought up - read conditioned man - to think of "beat," yet it's anything but a drag; you can swing to it. And it comes with this nutty book full of pictures and words, a guide to beat movies (take a bow Mr. Weldon) and get this, a "beat" dictionary. So, all in all, milords and miladies, I'd have to say this Rhino collection is positively, absolutely, the MOST! - DS

Earth - Earth 2: In-A-Gadda-Da-Vidda for the dilaudid generation: seventy-four minutes of vertiginous monolithic slowness. Just one cut consisting of a single riff from a bass and guitar the individual chords of which are drawn out to astounding lengths by manipulating distortion, sustain and feedback. It's as radical and sublime as some of those early Fripp-Eno minimalist collaborations but far more harrowing. And far, far heavier (Sub Pop) - DS

Swingin' Singles

by Steve Jeffries, Jim Kirkland and Dom Salemi

The Wake - Slideshow: Jim Morrison didn't really die. He became the lead singer for Sisters of Mercy and decided that they should be called The Wake because it sounded deeper than The Doors. That stupid name was all Ray Manzarek's idea anyway. An American Prayer . . . "Holy Mary, Mother of God! Pray for us sinners at the hour of our deaths and keep Jim Morrison's bloated corpse at rest. Thank You." The Wake's cool, eldritch rumblings will appeal to those who insist on wearing black at all times (Blay-lox).

Circus Lupus - Pop Man/Let's Talk About Luck: Hardcore, post-hardcore, what's the difference? These guys don't care about such niceties, that's why they went out and hired metal glamstress Joan Jett to dress up their sound. She gets an A for mixing the patented disdainful vocalisms way up, reducing the rhythm section to a distant, anxious rumble and generally fleshing out everything so that it goes BOOM! (Dischord).

Cows - Plowed/In The Mouth: Grade A bovines do a crazy take on Motorhead on the A-side, a speedy ditty 'bout a guy who wakes up after a night of drinking with a fat monster in his bed. A warning to horny youngsters to just say NO to alcohol. The B-side is a wild, besotted piece of bop-rock seasoned with tasty, trumpet blarts (AmRep).

Mama Tick - Breathe Out/Hate Fest: Angriest din to come down our pike in a coon's age. It's the aural equivalent of being tied down to a chair and force fed twenty-seven cups of coffee. A celebration of noise on "Breathe": blistering power chords, buzzing guitars, monolithic rhythms, hoarse shouts. A lumbering, atonal celebration of nothingness on the aptly titled "Hate Fest." (AmRep).

Functional Idiots - Toga Party/Low Down: Slightly post-eighties hardcore. VERY slightly. The Idiots perform unobjectionable frat boy punk and, although it breaks no new ground, fans of Hollywood poshboy Lee Ving's Fear could dig this. Like their own graves (Mint Tone).

Her Fault - Dying All Over Again/Belly Flop Contest: Sounds like Husker Du which some people like. I might have liked this thing too but Steve tore it off the turntable and ate the record. Really. Such are the products of a bourbon induced rage (Mint Tone).

Disemboweled Corpse - Nives De Delectatio/Black As The Coals Of Hell/ Cesspool Of Sorrow: Death dirge. To be listened to only after two AM when inebriated and contemplating suicide or for children who have just attended a pro wrestling match (Mint Tone).

Wreck - Mikey/You're Gonna Change Or I'm Gonna Leave: Sounds like a post-Monkees Mike Nesmith country effort on the B-side even though it was written by dead white-soul God, Hank Williams. After Jim and Steve got in a shouting match over whether the A-side did or did not sound like Johnny Thunders, Dom overruled them by saying that it sounded like a big, booming version of the Mekons doing drunken honky-tonk (Cargo).

Mass - Godsend/Circumstances/FTW: Side one sounds like Flock of Seagulls on 45. Really neat. Side two is the highlight, a nice piece of melodic punk a la UK Subs. They should stick with this approach (Cargo).

Lone Wolves- Chowderhead/Killer: From New York, Steppenwolf '82 without the annoying political baggage. Music for people who wear black and buy Mickey's Big Mouth by the case. While this song was playing, Dom's dog resisted Steve's playful sexual advances and bit him on the hand. This sent Dom's wife on a frenetic search for long neglected first aid supplies. If that isn't a recommendation, I don't know what is (Lone Wolves).

Phantom Surfers - Bikini Drag/Bonus Track: "Phantom Surfers Play the Big Screen Hits" promo single wigs like an A.I.P. surf bunny. Mandatory listening for Eric Von Zipper fans. Brutarian "self actualization" tip of the month: you can learn how to play the guitar from the B side for free. "I am my idol and my ideal." No wait. "You are my ideal and I am my ideal." (Estrus).

Various - Tales From Estrus: Ever the swift, efficient automatons, the Japs attempt to manufacture cheap labor knock-offs of American garage punk goods. Like Japanese video games and vampire movies, the results are weird, warp-speed versions of the genuine articles that just sound sort of . . . off. Features The Supersnazz doing an Electric Prunes version of Flaming Groovies' classic "Teenage Head" and a mangled cover of "Satisfaction" by The American Soul Spiders. Given our nation's trade deficit, we suggest that you BUY AMERICAN. But this ain't bad either (Estrus).

Shudder To Think - Hit Liquor/No Room 9, Kentucky: Two new members aid in forging dissonant, minor key pop core fleshed out with an anxious, frenetic guitar jam. B-side is something like the Velvet Underground on the nod. Different and daring (Dischord).

Scrog-Honest to God/She Said: Chunky bass-driven drone in a Stranglers vein backed with heavy troglodyte death dirge. Music for disaffected punks who would rather hang out in the parking lot than pay the cover charge to see Scrog (Mint Tone).



Steve

60's Punk Shoot-Out - Part I

PEBBLES

Jeffries



A teenage girl stands alone and abandoned on her parents front porch. Crying. Half choked in a pungent plume of blue exhaust fumes. The snotty snarl of a super-stocked red Corvair tearing recklessly through a residential neighborhood echoes through the streets below. She LIED. He's GONE. And that's 60's punk. The music of kings. He will never miss her. Never look back. And never be lonely. Because a man's gotta be a man. Even if he has pimples. Like Catholics own bibles, 60's punk fanatics and other men at sea in the loathsome sentimentality of our current decade own Pebbles Volumes One through Ten. On vinyl. Archive International, however, has seen fit to reissue Pebbles Volumes One through Five on CD replete with revamped, i.e., no references to Farrah Fawcett's "stuff", liner notes, "bonus" tracks, band photos and colorful covers in hopes of luring a more sensitive and psychically attuned brand of purchasers (i.e., nouveau longhairs) into the realm of true knowledge of and appreciation for their blemished manhood. Qualified adolescents and connoisseurs of crass stupidity melded with ineffable pride may find the following assessments of value selecting a volume of Pebbles now rendered inexorably expensive via transference to the format I once unlovingly referred to as "eight-tracks for the eighties." Until it became the nineties and it didn't rhyme anymore. And they didn't go away.

VOLUME ONE - Opens appropriately with the Litters' 1967 fuzz punk anthem "Action Woman," a defiant declaration of every swinging greasers' single most important need. Action. Clearasil runs a close second, naturally. Side one continues in an appropriately savage vein with the Outcasts' "I'm in Pittsburgh" (following around a girl who doesn't like you), the Squires' organ basher "Going All the Way" (berating a girl with your delusions of grandeur), the Grains of Sands' "Going Away Baby" (telling a girl to get lost) and the Ju-Jus' warbly "You Treated Me Bad" (whining about a girl who told you to get lost). Side two picks up in a more psych-punk vein (not my fav) but winds up with the Split Ends' blaring three chord cranker "Rich with Nothin'" (telling a girl she's nothing without you) and the Litters' rave-up of the Yardbirds' classic "I'm A Man" (no explanation required). If you want more details about the bands, read the liner notes. Who do you think I am? Alistair Cooke?

VOLUME TWO - Only slightly less boss, opening with the Satans' "Makin' Deals" (telling a girl you're

the Devil to impress her). Additional side one favorites include the Lyrics' haughty folk-punker "So What!" (telling a girl you don't give a shit if her parents are richer than yours even though it really bothers you), The Zakery Thaks' "Bad Girl" (making sure a girl realizes that she was totally wrong in the argument you had) and the oft covered and incomprehensible "Green Fuzz" (ranting incoherently about how great you are with girls around). Side two primarily consists of folk-punk/organ ballads performed by sad, proud guys who have been hurt. By girls. Their stolid bravery brings a tear to my eye. Extremely touching and, like the bands girlfriends, out of touch. I like them.

VOLUME THREE - Entitled "The Acid Gallery," Volume Three contains considerably more bad psych than boss 60's punk. Amusingly insipid at best, highlights include Teddy and His Patches re-recording of Frank Zappa's "Suzy Creamcheese" to the "Louie Louie" organ riff (dosing a girl with acid in the desperate hope that she will then realize how cool you really are) and the Chocolate Watchband's psych instro freak out "Loose Lips Sync Ships" (eating lots of acid). Not recommended. Not highly anyway.

VOLUME FOUR - The "Summer Means Fun" Volume - strictly surf vocal for the Beach Blanket Bingo crowd. On an Alistair Cooke note, however, I think Volume Four may contain "I Live for the Sun" by the Sunrays, a band of young surf blondies formed by the Beach Boys jilted manager Dad, Murray Wilson, in order to show his children how worthless, puny and insignificant they were without him. But maybe it doesn't. I can't really remember. Not real cool. Not 60's punk. Not recommended. So who cares?

VOLUME FIVE - By miles the best volume of the Pebbles series and, in all probability, the greatest 60's punk record of all time, Volume Five contains more sneering girl put-downs, swank Farfisa organ riffs and tastefully simplistic guitar work per groove (or whatever the fuck CDs have) than a stack of Fuzztones' LPs. Immortal Volume Five acts, the Night Shadows, the Satyrs, Danny and the Counts, Thursday's Children et al. stand tall as unassailable beacons of unreasoning male pride and painfully masked insecurity in a world gone horribly awry. Quoth the Plague: "Go away. Cuz I hate you." That's right baby. AM-SCRAY! (Archive International by way of Midnight Records.)

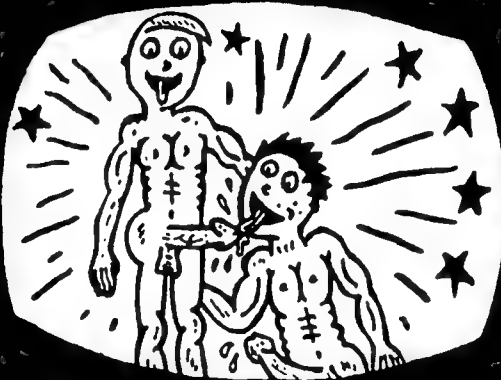




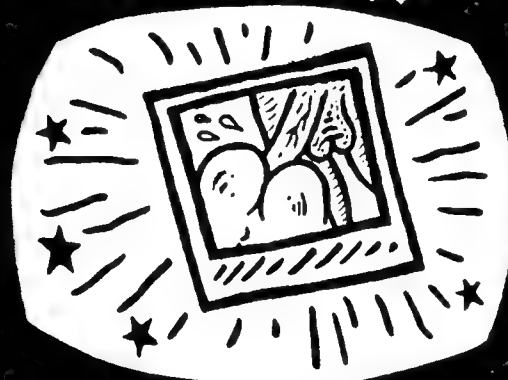
Hi teen kids! Today we talk about those neat homosexual urges you all have been holding in!



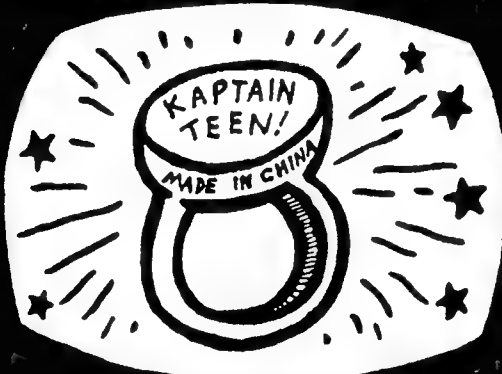
It's not wrong for us to want to see our teen friends naked and even touch their nude body parts!



Feel free to experiment with each other! That is how you learn. Just do it!!



And that brings us to this weeks contest!! Send me a polaroid of you & a teen friend engaging in a homo act!



The cutest, hottest teen couple will get a free Kaptain teen secret decoder ring!



For the answers to teen problems call and talk to the Kaptain himself! Only \$6. per minute. 1-900-706-2666

ON MANOR'S MIND

Back in the early days of rock/pop music, smug so-called entertainers would "prove" the inanity of the new form by quoting the lyrics of tunes like "Who Put The Bomp," then go home and tap their toes to the intellectually stimulating libretto of "That's Amore."

Elitists who believe ALL contemporary music is mindless gibberish are invited to listen to Martin Fry's (ABC) reading of "Valentine's Day," step in a bucket of water and lick a light socket. In all fairness, though, pop music has had its share of forced and/or harebrained couplets. Examples such as Foreigner's "You're as cold as ice/willing to sacrifice," demonstrate an astounding lack of imagination (and the density level of those who made it a hit rather than heaving cabbages at the radio).

Rappers, under pressure to continuously rhyme, deserve a little leniency. And don't short-sell the degree of difficulty inherent in memorizing a show's worth of rapid-fire lines. Nonetheless, that doesn't excuse a recent hit in which the man on the mic rhymed "ice cream" with . . . "ice cream" (!)

Because this is an interactive column I invite all readers to send in examples of the dopest, most ear-itating couplets ever to pollute major label wax. (Please identify offender, song and, if known, album and label.) If the response is strong enough, we'll publish selected submissions and award prizes. Perhaps we'll make this a regular feature. Yabbadabbadoo, isn't *Brutarian* fun?

One of the millions of things I hate is the standard actor interview in which the subject feigns sincere admiration, simpatico and depth of knowledge about a historical figure he's playing in his latest flick. Just once, I'd like to see the interviewer call an actor's bluff.

"Well, Chad, if you idolize Buster Keaton as much as you claim and are not merely being a phony trying to sell tickets, perhaps you can explain why, prior to landing the role, you never saw any of his movies besides *The General*, read any of the books written about him, made a single Keaton reference in your autobiography or once mentioned Buster in the hundreds of interviews you've done throughout your career." A fin'll get you a yard, the silence will be deafening.

Jemima's been modernized. There are no more buck-toothed, bespectacled Orientals and hand-wringing Jews in contemporary media. But what I want to know is why two-thirds of all pizza boxes have stereotypical, mustachioed, happy Italian chefs drawn on them - and why isn't dom salemi doing anything about it? [I am Stately, I'm trying to get my handsome visage placed on all Italian products marketed in this country.] (I'm also curious as to whether the author of the "You've tried the rest, now try the best" slogan which appears on the remaining third is rightfully compensated).

EXTRAORDINARY INSIGHT: Elvis needs boats. Mars Needs Women. Bakers knead dough. Elvis made lots of women and dough. Draw the obvious conclusion . . . Just wondering: Who wants to eat the tomato sliced with the

Ginzu knife after it just cut through a filthy old boot? . . . I recall Brit rocker Alex Harvey entitling a release, *The Mafia Stole My Guitar*. I also seem to recall Harvey dying at a relatively early age thereafter. Anybody got a problem with that? You can lead a horticulture but you can't make her quote Dorothy Parker . . . "Head for the mountains of Busch." Golly, it's difficult to find any symbolism in *that* slogan . . . At what point in his career does a hack comedian pose for the *de rigueur* Make An Asinine Face publicity photo? . . . Likewise, at what career point does a rock act resort to maudlin or inside joke tour names (The Autumn Sunset Tour, The "For A Nickel I Will" Tour, ad nauseam) for a series of bookings? I suspect it's just after the, ahem, "artists" become financially solvent enough to hire the female background singers in black dresses who do that stupid sway dance step . . . At this point in the column, I'd like to stick my tongue out at everyone who says I'm immature . . . Anyone else like to see the "I'm So Hip I'm Wearing My Baseball Cap Backwards" Burger King spokes-bozo bobbing for french fries? Yes, staid old Burger King has gone with a noisy "B.K. Tee Vee" (as in eMpTyV) ad campaign. And after a couple of doses of Mr. Transparent you'll be hoping someone slides his Whopper in the microwave.

HUBBA HUBBA HONEYS: Isn't it strange how certain generic beauty contest winners blossom into stunners a few years after their title reigns. Take Vanessa Williams and Linda Carter for example. Since escaping the plastic world of automaton pageantry this talented twosome has developed into a pair of full-scale desire dolls.

Linda has the physique of a Vargas girl and Melt You eyes. Bouncing around in her brief Wonder Woman costume, she's been responsible for more missed sleep among pubescent boys than all the teen anxieties combined. Vanessa, no slouch in the shapely department herself, oozes sensuality. When she purrs, "Welcome To The Comfort Zone," it sparks mental images scientifically proven to raise the testosterone level in male listeners.

So how do we select which woman earns the coveted HH-H accolade? Since this is *Brutarian* and not *Good Housekeeping* we go with the Sinful Past Factor. Linda earns big points for not only co-starring in a Marjoe Gortner movie but also baring her amazing chest in it. However, since then, she has slipped into a life of deep religious convictions, wholesomeness and the dreaded family values. Yuck!

Vanessa, on the other hand, got kicked out of the Miss America throne room when it was discovered she had posed for a *Penthouse* spread featuring simulated lesbianism. This caused a major uproar among the uptight who predicted the "scandal" would ruin Ms. Williams. (Funny thing is: Vanessa went on to stardom while her replacement became the answer to a trivia quiz).

The choice is as obvious as the mole on your face: Viva Vanessa!

by Stately Wayne Manor

GARGLE MY BAC

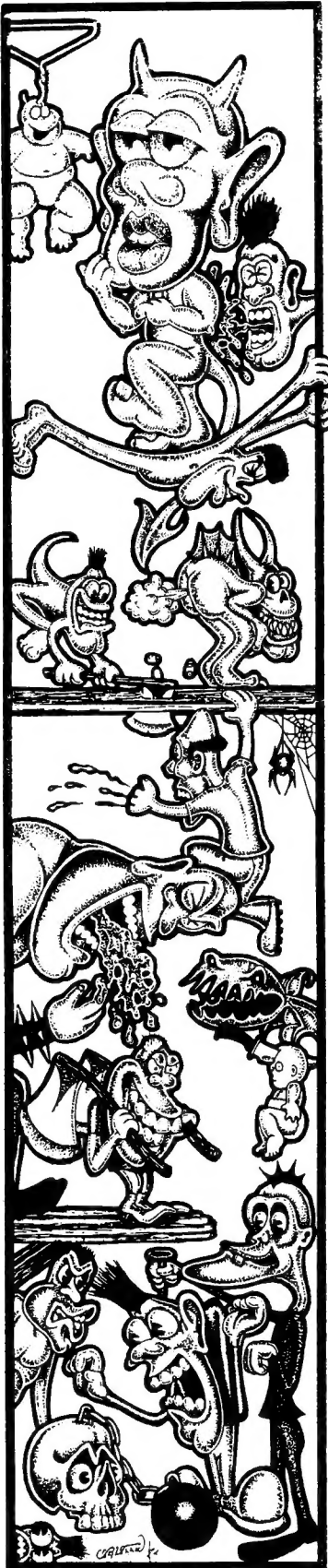
by Jim Schoene

For those out there who think the world of professional wrestling consists solely of WWF family-oriented shows with children painted up like their favorites, who are usually ultra-cartoonish creations, think again. Professional wrestling has always been around, and it always will, whether it takes place in the 22,000 seat MSG or some podunk high school gym that seats 150 people. Out there across the land are the hardcore fans who are for the most part not slavishly devoted to some steroid-bloated monster with a loud manager and paint on his face, but serious fans of the sport/exhibition called professional wrestling. There are numerous publications written by these fans, many of which last only several issues. But there are some that are definitely worthwhile, and they may give the unenlightened reader some insight into the field. Ron Lemieux's **ARENA REPORT**, P.O. Box 952547, Lake Mary, Florida 32795, comes out every other week and consists of several regular columns by those who try to impart their love of the sport with varying degrees of success. There is always a section of late-breaking news, scandals, hirings, firings, etc. Write for subscription details. Another recent arrival is **WRESTLING WORLD EXAMINER**, published weekly by Paul Adamovic, P.O. Box 303, Irvington, N.Y. 10533-4303. Rates are \$5 for 4 issues, \$10 for 8, or \$50 for 40 issues. It seems to be a decent overview of the scene, including some Japanese TV results. For me, the "Big Daddy" of them all is **WRESTLING OBSERVER NEWSLETTER**, published weekly by Dave Meltzer, P.O. Box 1228, Campbell, CA 95009-1228. It's 10 pages packed with news, virtually all major foreign and domestic results, readers' letters and ads. Meltzer has some serious connections in the business; consequently he's on top of things that may not see the light of day for weeks. Yours Truly was fortunate enough to meet Mr. Meltzer in Tokyo, Japan, in mid-August 1992, at a wrestling card at Korakuen Hall where I saw undoubtedly one of the great live moves: a backwards moonsault (sort of a back swan dive) off the top turnbuckle, out of the ring onto the concrete floor and a hapless Mexican wrestler known as El Bucanero. This is not the Ultimate Warrior running around shaking the ropes and flexing his artificially pumped arms. This, fans, is exciting. The *Observer* runs \$12 for 8 issues, \$24 for 16, \$36 for 24, up through \$60 for 40 issues. If you have any interest in wrestling at all, you won't be disappointed. . . . **THEY WON'T STAY DEAD** is an entertaining digest-sized fanzine (I hate that word-it brings to mind comic book geeks and Dr. Who queers-you know-fan-boys) that features film and music reviews and some nice

graphics. Published six times a year, \$1 each issue, from Brian Johnson, 111 Werner Road, Greenville, PA, 16125-9434 . . . Attention T-shirt fans! **IDOL HANDS T-SHIRTS**, 470 14th St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11215, (718) 788-2906, has some of the coolest designs the Pope has seen in ages. Fabulous designs by Flick Ford, Alex Grey, Wes Wilson, and the great Joe Coleman are among their offerings. They come in all sizes, even XXL. Write for a free catalog. Quality stuff . . . For the fans of tattooing and body modification, check out the new **IN THE FLESH**, published by the folks at *Outlaw Biker Tattoo Review*. The premiere issue contains articles on Jim Ward of *Gauntlet*, new tribalism, picking the right piercer for your first one, penis piercing and its pros and cons, and all kinds of serious body alteration shit. At reputable newsstands everywhere . . . **DARK CARNIVAL** is a great catalog full of all kinds of great merchandise, including an amazing array of T-shirts (including color reprints of *Invasion of The Saucer Men*, *Cannibal Holocaust*, *Argento's Opera* and *Inferno*). There's also a big list of fanzines (there's that word again), comix, videos, postcards, etc. Published quarterly, sort of. Send a few bucks for postage to: Dark Carnival Distribution, Steve Midwinter, 21, Avon Road, Scunthorpe, S. Humberside, DN16 1EP U.K. . . . **CRAWL OR DIE**, "a sordid scrapbook & prurient guide to deviant po(op) culture" (Pheww!) is \$2 from Crawl or Die Prod., c/o Rev. Scott Miller, P.O. Box 8531, Salem, MA, 01971-8531. Published several times a year, it features film and book reviews, fiction, poetry, opinion, artwork and more. Issue 13 includes a selection from Nick Zedd's *Bleed*, and an interview with the lovely Erica Gavin, the star of Russ Meyer's *Vixen*. Real nice stuff . . . **bANAL PROBE**, "The Rectal Thermometer of a Dying Planet" is a strange little publication that focuses on weird points of view, some music reviews and reviews of other small press oddities. They invite submissions of almost everything, including political and serious pieces, "anything that strikes my fancy." \$1 suggested donation, or \$6 for 6 issues. Send a SASE for a catalog of other stuff they have available to bANAL PROBE, c/o Drucilla B. Blood, 1015 E. 49th, Austin, Texas, 78751 (also the home base of Roky Erickson) . . . If you saw the lengthy interview with William Cooper in *Flipside* recently and it interested you, order his book **BEHOLD A PALE HORSE**. It elaborates and corroborates lots of the information raised in the interview. He has other stuff available as well, including UFO and Kennedy assassination videos, so drop him a line: William Cooper, P. O. Box 3299, Camp Verde, Arizona, 86322.

BRUTARIAN CONTRIBUTORS

ARTICLES AND ARTWORK COPYRIGHT 1993 BY THEIR RESPECTIVE AUTHORS UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED.



Rick Altergott: is being paid in soiled panties and shit-stained boxers.

Doug Allen: has actually received nominations for underground comic of the year from several mainstream publications for his *Steven* strip. This, despite being a regular contributor to *Brutarian*.

Tom Corlette: loves to draw nekkid girls. Co-editor Ms. Smirolfo wants to know when "that guy's gonna send us some pictures of naked studs?"

Mike Diana: by day, a mild-mannered convenience store clerk; by night, a *Boiled Angel*: a scabrously sardonic satirist of society's scatological, psychological, sociological and sexual solecisms.

Greg Fiering: NY artist and illustrator who spends a lot of time in a 2nd Avenue Laundromat making his clothes really, really soft.

Cole Gagne: has no fixed address. Can often be spotted however, trudging a battered Smith-Corona into men's shelters near Tompkins' Square Park.

Greg Goodsell: is not at all concerned at having sold his Larry Buchanan piece to *FilmFax* as well as to us. Since we're running the article first, we could give a shit. And neither should *FilmFax*, since those cheapskates only pay two and a half cents a word.

Danny Hellman: cartoonist and illustrator whose work has appeared in *Screw*, *Hustler*, *Village Voice*, *Party Line Fever* and *Motorbooty*, none of which he bothers to read.

Brian Horowitz: frontman for two of D.C.'s coolest bands, the Ubangis and Date Bait, manager of one of the coolest record stores on the planet, Joe's Record Paradise, and the guy who writes those long letters to *Psychotronic* magazine correcting Michael Weldon. Brian is still searching for a girl as boss as he is. Inquiries care of *Brut* would be most welcome.

Jarrett Huddleston: ever the unfashionable artist, Mr. J. H. is currently putting the finishing touches, i.e., he's shellacking, on his life's work: a series of topless portraits of *Enema Monthly* pin-up girls.

Steve Jeffries: refused to write a "Chopped & Channeled" column for this issue because our readers failed to write letters acknowledging his genius.

Brian Johnson: newest member of *Brute* staff publishes the very cool horror & rock zine, *They Won't Stay Dead*, plays guitar in two rock bands and holds down a day job. This puts him one up on Matt Verta-Ray who is not gainfully employed.

Jim Kirkland: manages to drive around the DC-Maryland-Virginia area with expired tags and a dead-as-a-doornail driver's license without ever getting pulled over by the police.

Gary Leib: musician, cartoonist, fabulist has recently moved back to the lower east side of NYC in a childish attempt to ingratiate himself with the hopeless wanna-bes, fashion casualties and talentless poseurs who call that blighted area "home."

Stately Wayne Manor: associates with rather large, accomplished sadists who will gleefully injure anyone who offends him. That has absolutely no bearing on why we believe Mr. Manor is undoubtedly the most gifted writer in the history of the printed word.

Bill Owens: Bill's ideal evening is cocktails and dinner with Joan Crawford or a couple of beers and some clams with Bruno Sammartino.

Randy Palmer: won't shut up about getting his long awaited chance to sing along with Forry at this spring's Ackermania convention.

dom salemi: once his life was a feast where all hearts opened and all wines flowed. Now, finding Beauty bitter, he sits her on his knees and rails against her.

Ernie Santilli: is best known for developing the "A New Concept in New Concept" ad slogan and for the startling revelation that there are hardly any dyed eggs or chocolate bunnies on Easter Island.

Jim Schoene: He's already at the top but Mr. Flynt called him anyway and asked him to pose for his new tattoo magazine. Jim agreed but only after Flynt promised he wouldn't foreshorten anything.

Melanie Scott: founder and guiding light of Washington D.C.'s Psychotronic Film Society realized a party dampening, post-deb dream in talking to Kitten Natividad.

Slimsey, The Sioux City Squealer: doesn't eat cheese for nobody.

Sandra Smirolfo: received in time for X-Mas from Tom "The Sock" Corlette: *The Complete Works of Tom of Finland*.

Vic Stanley: recently published in *Film Threat* but unbeknownst to them, Vic saves his best stuff for us. Now living in Chicago because, "Well, quite frankly Dom, the bars open earlier and close later than any place in Muncie."

Greg Suss: You don't want to work for us? Let me tell you something. You're gonna take that little job. And you're gonna scrub every knife and fork until they're sparkling clean. And then when the boss comes around and picks one up and says, "What's this? This little speck here. You better start paying more attention to what you're doing." You're going to swallow that anger. You're gonna swallow all that up and not even look him in the eye. 'Cause you're 'fraid of what you might do. You won't say nothin'. And then he's gonna come around at the end of the week with that little paycheck. And you'll take it. You'll be grateful. And you won't say nothin'. You won't even . . . (Ranter placed back aboard the *Runaway Train*.)

Barry Wooldridge: subscribes to every underground publication in America except *Brutarian*. If it wasn't for his lovely lady Rosebunny, we wouldn't even be talking to this cheap bastard.

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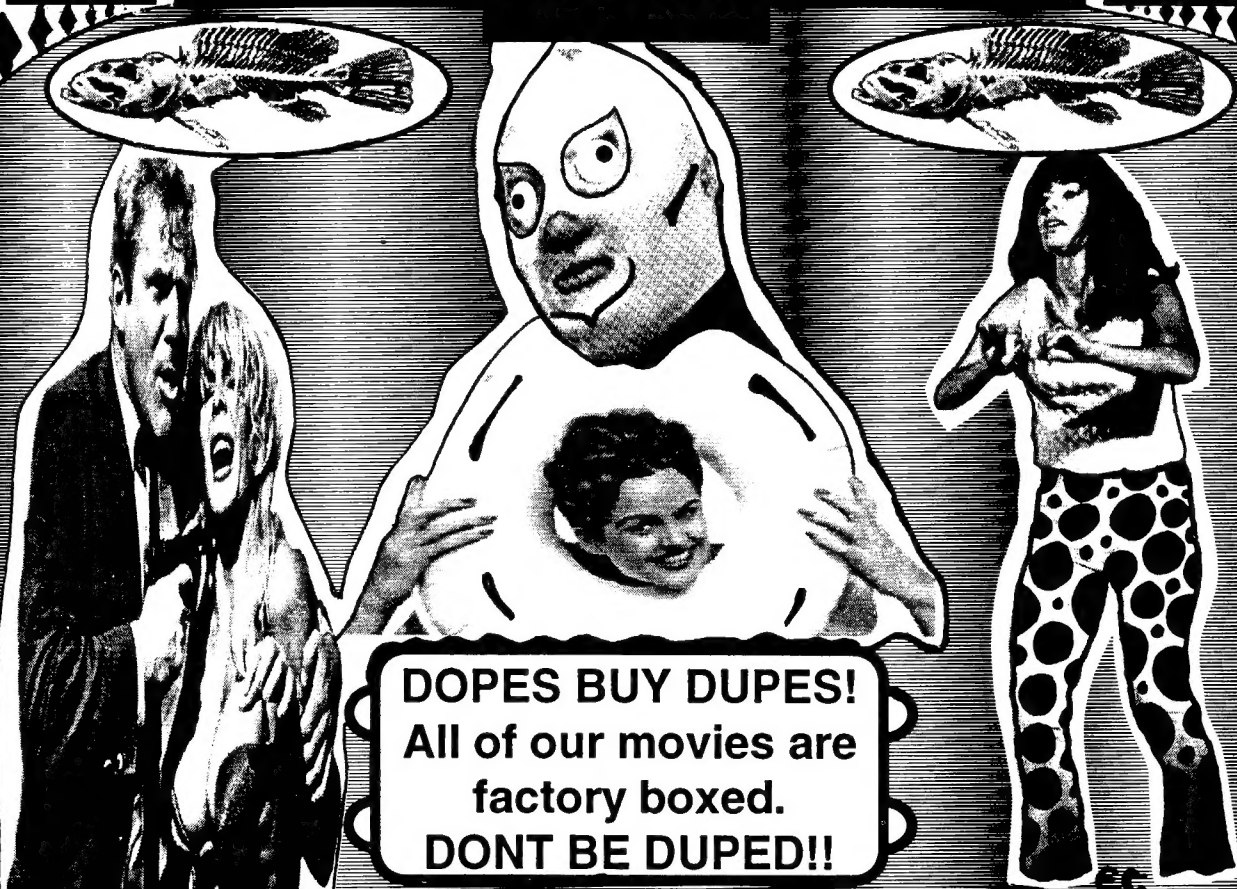
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